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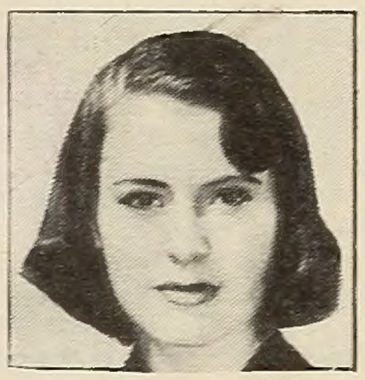


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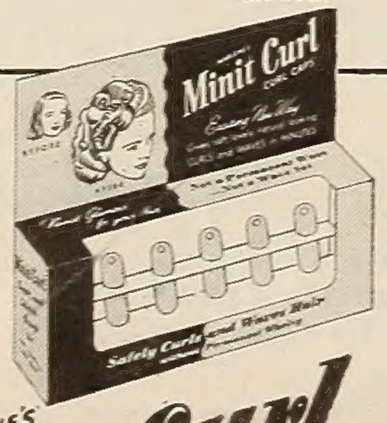
2. Comb solution through hair



3. Set hair . . . let dry



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by
VALDA SHERMAN

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FEBRUARY, 1949

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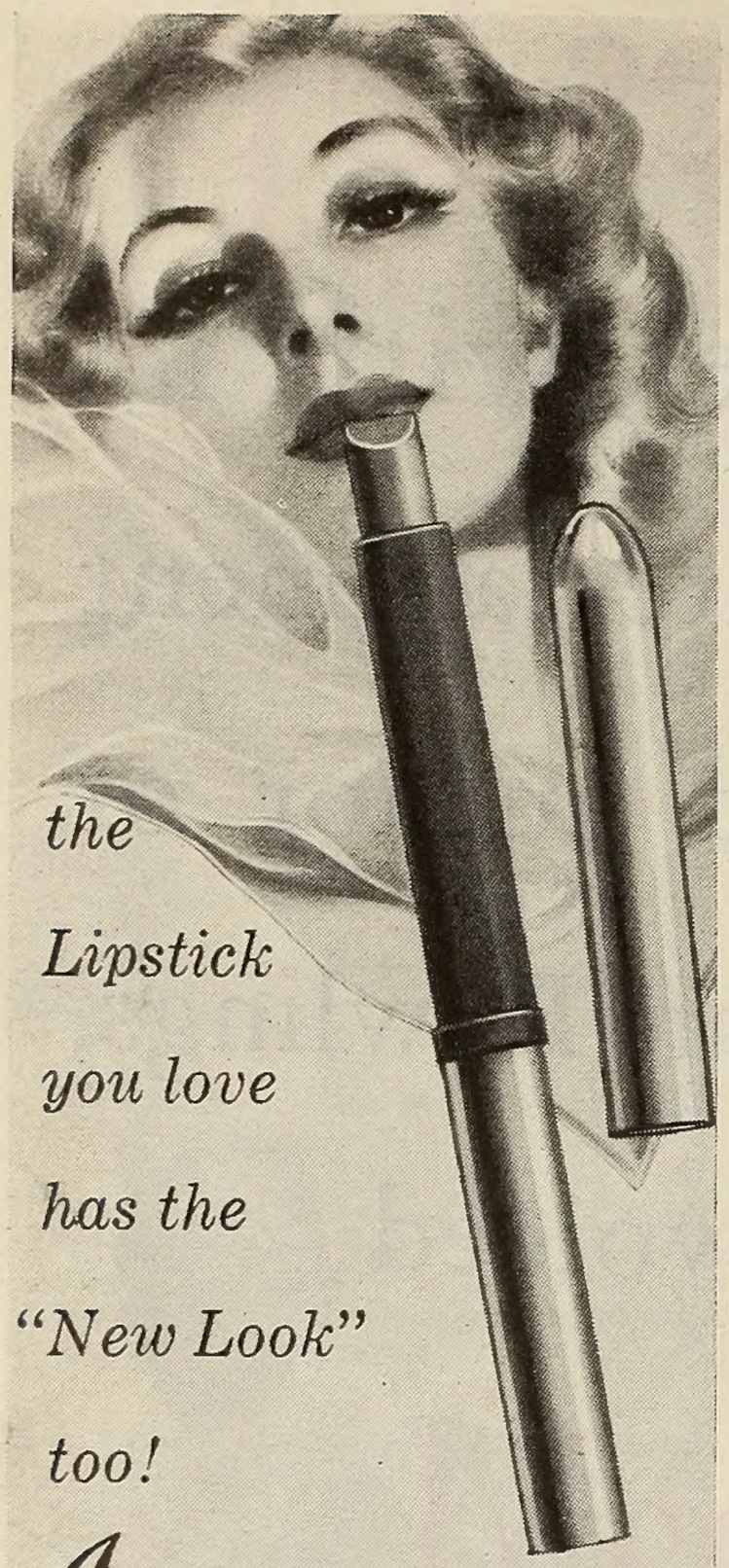


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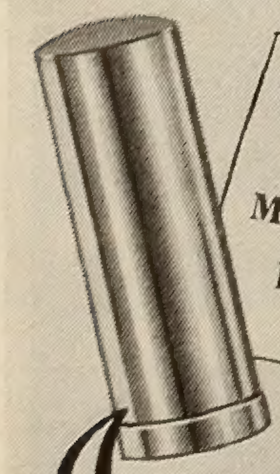
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By Weston East



Gossip in the Lobby







Above: Rita Hayworth and her latest heart interest, Aly Khan, son of Aga Khan, with Mary Pickford and her husband, Buddy Rogers, having dinner in Hollywood. Shortly after this, Rita and Aly left for Mexico.

Far Left: Mark Stevens and his wife dancing at Mocambo. Not a single movie star was invited to her 22nd birthday party. Just old friends. Left: Alan Ladd and his wife, Sue, having fun at Ciro's. He's in "Whispering Smith."

ADMIRING eyes were glued on Clark Gable when he made one of his rare nightclub appearances at Mocambo. And we wish you too could have seen that ol' smoothie dancing a rumba with Iris Bynum! Speaking of Clark, it's rumored his MGM bosses would like him to dye his greying temples. Our money says they'll get nowhere fast with their Number One rugged realist.

* * *

At Ann Sothern's swanky house-warming, guess which star had the longest hair in the room? Hedy Lamarr, Jeanne Crain, Loretta Young? Not a bit of it. Every actress *present was wearing the new short hairdo. But Danny Kaye, who plays a long-haired peasant in "Happy Times," really could have used a few bobby pins. Naturally, everybody kidded him.*

* * *

When Mark Stevens gives a Hollywood party, it's really different. We went to one in honor of his wife's 22nd birthday, with not a single movie star present. Just old friends, just *real* friends. Mark hired an orchestra, ordered the room decorated with ropes of gardenias, with corsages for the ladies. Mrs. S. received a diamond-studded brooch from her husband. Cute gag was Mark's mouthing the songs that Buddy Clark sang for him in "I Wonder Who's

There is some Don Juan in every man—but there's more of it in him!

ERROL FLYNN *and* VIVECA LINDFORS

ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN



"The sword is too good for traitors — you die by the dagger!"



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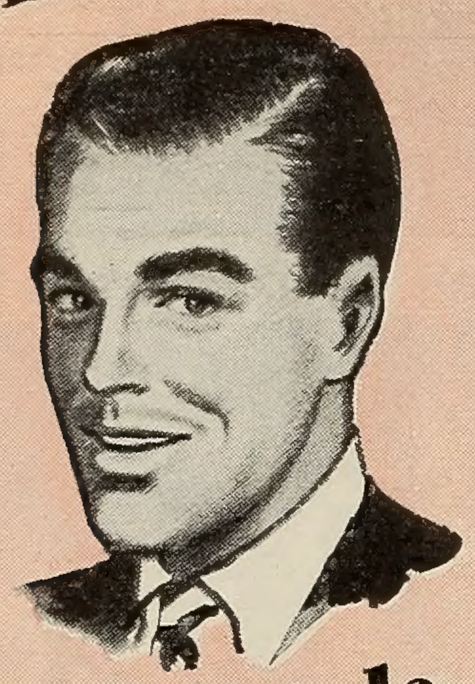
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Above: John Payne with Iris Bynum, who divides her dates between him and Clark Gable, at Mocambo. Left: Loretta Young and Van Johnson prepare for scene for "Mother Was A Freshman" at 20th Century-Fox. Loretta's currently in "The Accused."





Above: Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton celebrate 10th anniversary of their "Blondie" comedies. Above Right: Janet Leigh panics Phyllis Thaxter on set of MGM's "Act Of Violence."



Sonny Tufts and his wife at Ciro's. He's now appearing in "Interference," RKO film.



Kissing Her Now." Only *this* time the famous radio and recording star stood next to him and gave out in person.

* * *

Jane Wyman's fan mail since "Johnny Belinda" is simply fantastic. She's heard from people in every walk of life, including most of the Hollywood stars. And you know they mean it when someone like Joan Crawford, for example, takes the time to write: "If you don't get the Academy Award for that performance, then there just isn't any justice."

* * *

Many things can happen, many plans can change before Nora Eddington Flynn divorces Errol—if *she divorces him at all. In the meantime, the current Hollywood rumor links Nora's name with song writer Jimmy Van Heusen, as a possible prospect for a second husband. All of Errol's time seems to be taken up with planning that trip to Paris.*

* * *

Attention you Ava Gardner-Howard Duff fans! How'd you like to see your favorites in a picture together? They're very eager, for obvious reasons. But so far their bosses just listen to their pleas and do nothing about it. Your letters may help. Ava's at MGM, Culver City, California. Howard's with Universal-International, Universal City, Calif. But *don't* write to us.

* * *

When Alexis Smith tells it on herself, you *know* it's true. "I worked six weeks with Joel McCrea in 'South Of St. Louis,'" she laughs. "I always wore a long red wig and full Technicolor makeup. Joel never saw me once as I am. Then I came to the studio with my ash blonde hair pinned back, wearing no makeup, in low heels and pedal-pushers. Joel passed me on the lot and cut me dead!" We can name a few actresses *(with no humor)* who would never repeat this story.

* * *

Shure and it's quite a reunion Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald are havin' in their third picture, "Top O' The Mornin'." They call each other Mr. O'Crosby *and* Mr. O'Fitzgerald. *Bing had shamrocks painted all over Barry's dressing room door, so Barry thanked him in a note addressed to Mr. O'Sinatra. They*

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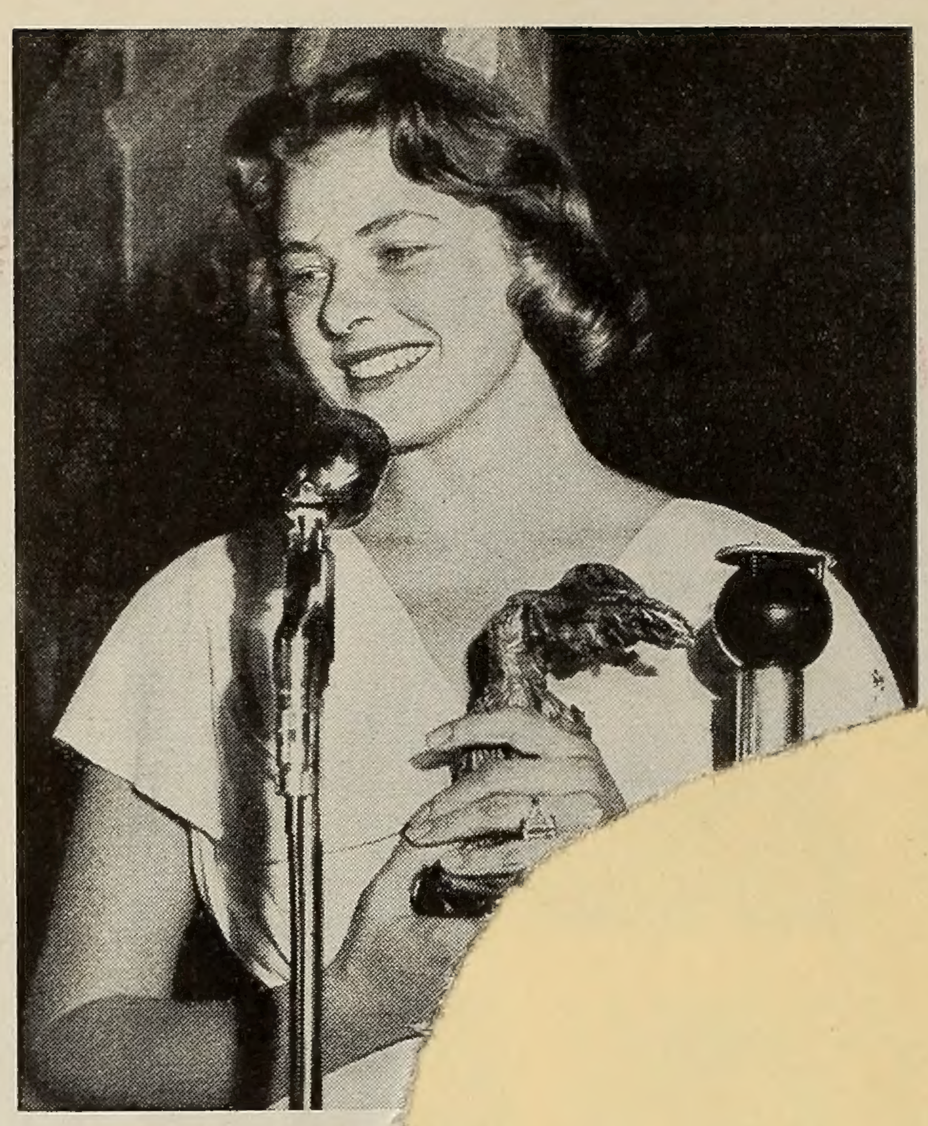
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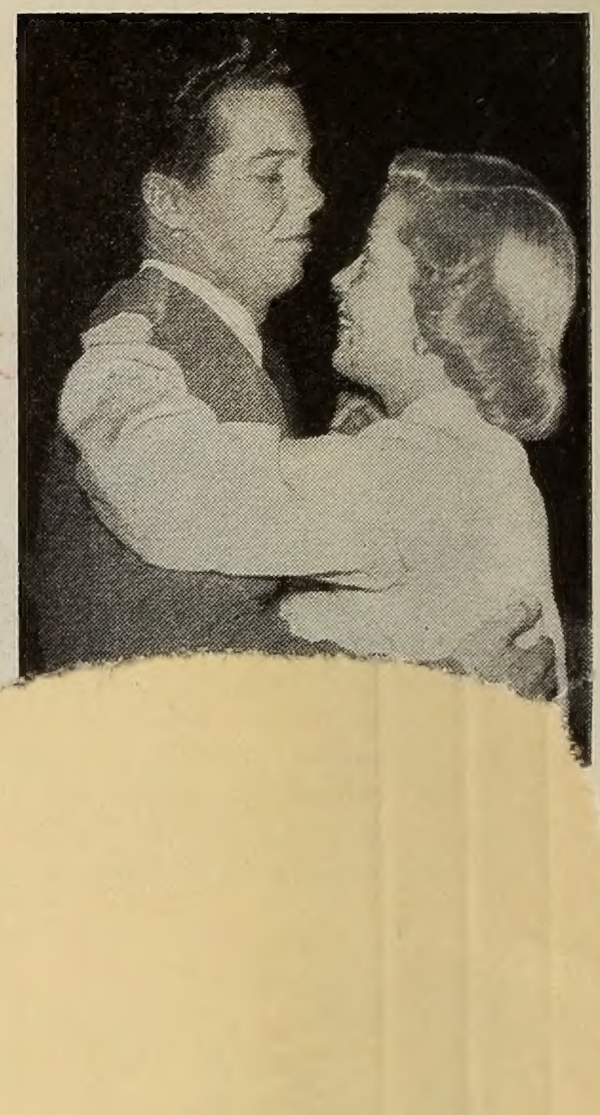
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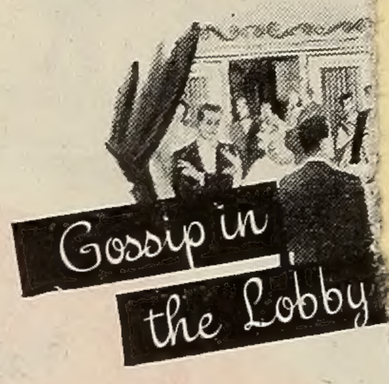
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Ingrid Bergman with he Victoire" award present her at the Louvre in



refer to Ann Blyth, who h... picture, as "Our lovely little Leprecha...

* * *

At a Hollywood party recently, a garrulous group was discussing Turhan Bey and his obvious attraction for all the unattached glamour girls. "I do believe he's dated everyone but Barbara Lawrence," said someone. Just then the door opened and in walked Turhan. Who was with him? One guess will do it!

* * *

We'll give this star a break and won't print her name. But we've *got* to tell you the story! She was one of those chosen to attend the Royal Command Performance and be presented to the King and ...ny si... ...last finally said: "I don't think I'll go. There's *no* one in England I want to see!"

* * *

There are two reasons why Columbia was so anxious to get Gig Young signed to a long-term contract. First, the very handsome Gig just happens to be the most promising leading man in Hollywood. Second, he's an experienced actor who could step right in if those anticipated problems arise with Glenn Ford whose terms may be too high when his contract expires and a new one is negotiated.

(Please turn to page 74)

Below: Alexis Smith and her husband, Craig Stevens, at Ciro's, dispelling separation rumors. Right: George Sanders dancing with Zaza Hilton at Mocambo. They plan to marry soon. He's in "Samson And Delilah."





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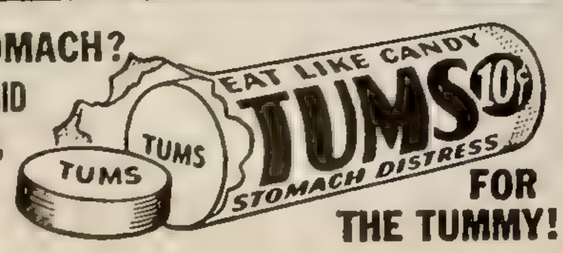
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By Helen Hendricks



Olivia de Havilland and Leo Genn in "The Snake Pit," a 20th Century-Fox drama.

The Snake Pit

20th Century-Fox

ADAPTED from the best-seller novel of the same name by Mary Jane Ward, this film is one of the year's most outstanding movie presentations and should place its star, Olivia de Haviland, in line for another Academy Award. Her performance as the young woman who loses her mind, then desperately tries to regain her sanity, is brilliantly done. Though the picture is Olivia's from start to finish, main supporting roles by Mark Stevens and Celeste Holm are well-handled. Special mention also goes to Leo Genn as the doctor who helps Olivia recover her reasoning.

Unlike most psychological dramas of the past, "The Snake Pit" presents the



"The Adventures Of Don Juan" has Viveca Lindfors romancing with Errol Flynn.

Betty Grable is the mediator in a quarrel between June Havoc and Jack Oakie in "When My Baby Smiles At Me," 20th Century-Fox musical about life in Burlesque.



"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)





BETTY MEMPHIS

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 23, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both



jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.



...the TRUTH about MARRIAGE RELATIONS is frankly discussed

AT LAST an eminent doctor, a practicing physician with a background of vital, everyday experience in problems of sex, tells ALL the baffling long-obscured facts in frank easy-to-understand language! There is no longer any need for ignorant guessing about the magnificent instinct that is your birthright. No more prudish evasions, no more half-veiled secrets in these 576 pages of TRUTHFUL, straightforward FACTS

Love is the most cherished privilege in the world today. Everything you should know is openly discussed in language that you will easily understand. Don't rely on half-truths from unreliable sources! Be a master of love's complexities. Learn intelligently how to win and hold the love of your choice.

UP-TO-DATE TRUTHS CANNOT OFFEND

Education is the key to a perfect love-filled life that can be yours. Ignorance, "hush-hush" and misinformation lead to fear, worry and shame. Know how to overcome physical mismating; How newlyweds can conquer honeymoon embarrassment; How to endow yourself with the lifetime of Marital Happiness that should be yours.

OVER 100 GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS

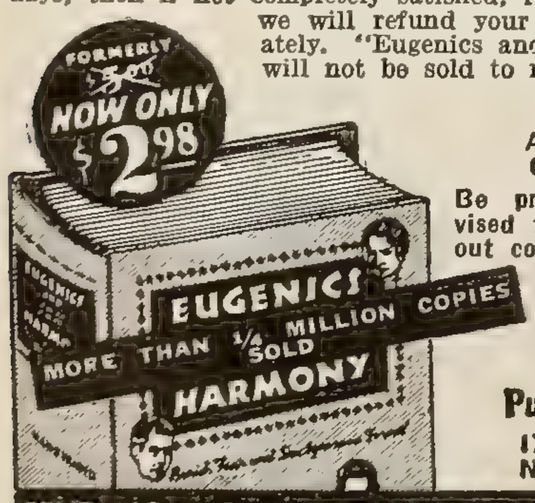
The illustrations that accompany the text of the book are clear and enlightening. It is necessary that biological facts should not be shrouded by prudery nor false modesty. Study the illustrations—read the book, and grope in the dark no longer!

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Joan Fontaine rates admiration from Eddie Albert and James Stewart in the fast-paced comedy, "You Gotta Stay Happy."



Above and Below: Robert Cummings first wins Hedy Lamarr in "Let's Live A Little," a lively comedy, then woos Loretta Young in "The Accused," a tense drama.



problems of a deranged mind with a minimum of false drama and, surprisingly enough, with a sense of humor. However, there are several scenes that are calculated to shock the daylights out of you. Despite the depressing theme, the picture, nevertheless, is a thrilling and daring account of precisely what happens when a mind becomes unbalanced.

Adventures of Don Juan

Warner Brothers (Technicolor)

DON JUAN, the great lover—dashing, handsome, fearless! And just who do you expect would portray this noble gent? Why Errol Flynn, of course! Over two hours long, here is one production which never lets up in humor, excitement and an unending procession of beautiful women who are ma-a-a-ad for Don Errol. As much as our hero enjoys pursuing amour all over Europe, he pauses in his study of womanhood (*no relation to the forthcoming Kinsey report*) to get the Queen of Spain, Viveca Lindfors, out of a very nasty political mess. Of course, the Queen succumbs to *Juan's* charms, too, but only after he has obliterated a small army almost singlehanded and rescued the Spanish ambassador from a dank torture chamber. Everything about the movie is lavish, including, natch, the love scenes.

My Own True Love

Paramount

SET in England, after the War, this is the story of a young woman, Phyllis Calvert, who has an exceptionally keen understanding of human nature. After her stint in the ATS, she becomes acquainted and falls in love with an ex-

Anne Baxter and Gregory Peck, co-stars of the rugged Western, "Yellow Sky."



major, Melvyn Douglas. However, their marriage plans receive a setback when Melvyn's son, Phillip Friend, who has been given up for dead, returns from the South Pacific. Confused and embittered by what has happened to him, Friend falls in love with his sympathetic mother-to-be, thereby complicating the entire happy mood. Eventually, though, everything gets back on the beam and Melvyn and Phyllis are reconciled. Little Wanda Hendrix is in this, too, as Melvyn's daughter, but doesn't do much of anything except pop in and out whenever the plot calls for a family group. Incidentally, watch this Phillip Friend, he's due to become the nation's next and newest screen idol.

Whiplash

Warner Brothers

A FAST-MOVING drama about a man, Dane Clark, who wants to be an artist, but instead finds himself trading punches in the prize-fight game. His manager, Zachary Scott, crippled both in mind and body, is perhaps one of the nastiest menaces Dane ever ran up against. Not only that, but he's also married to the woman the artist-fighter loves—Alexis Smith. Throughout the yarn, Scott is always figuring how to come out winner, no matter what the cost is to others. Needless to say, he outfigures himself which makes for a pleasant ending for Dane and Alexis even though it causes the untimely death of her brother, Dr. Jeffrey Lynn.

You Gotta Stay Happy

Universal-International

AND you certainly will after you see this light comedy about a pilot, James Stewart, and an emotionally unhappy millionairess, Joan Fontaine. Joan, an unkissed bride, starts lousing up Jimmie's well-planned bachelorhood when she runs away from her husband on their wedding night. Among other things, she finagles a ride to California on Jimmie's

(Please turn to page 73)

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray as bride and groom in "Family Honeymoon."



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Perfume Story

By Courtenay Marvin



Above: Karin Booth pampers herself by wearing fragrance to bed at night. Below: MGM's Arlene Dahl, now in "Reign Of Terror," applies perfume with an atomizer.



PERFUME is an emotion, swift, sure and telling. And I think many of us could trace lasting personal relationships to our perfume used at that first introduction. For the olfactory sense has a way of burning into memory. It is highly sensitive and not easily forgotten. That is why a man when he tells you of someone he has loved or some stirring event he has lived, such as in war, invariably brings some incident of smell to his story. It is because this sense writes indelible history on the mind.

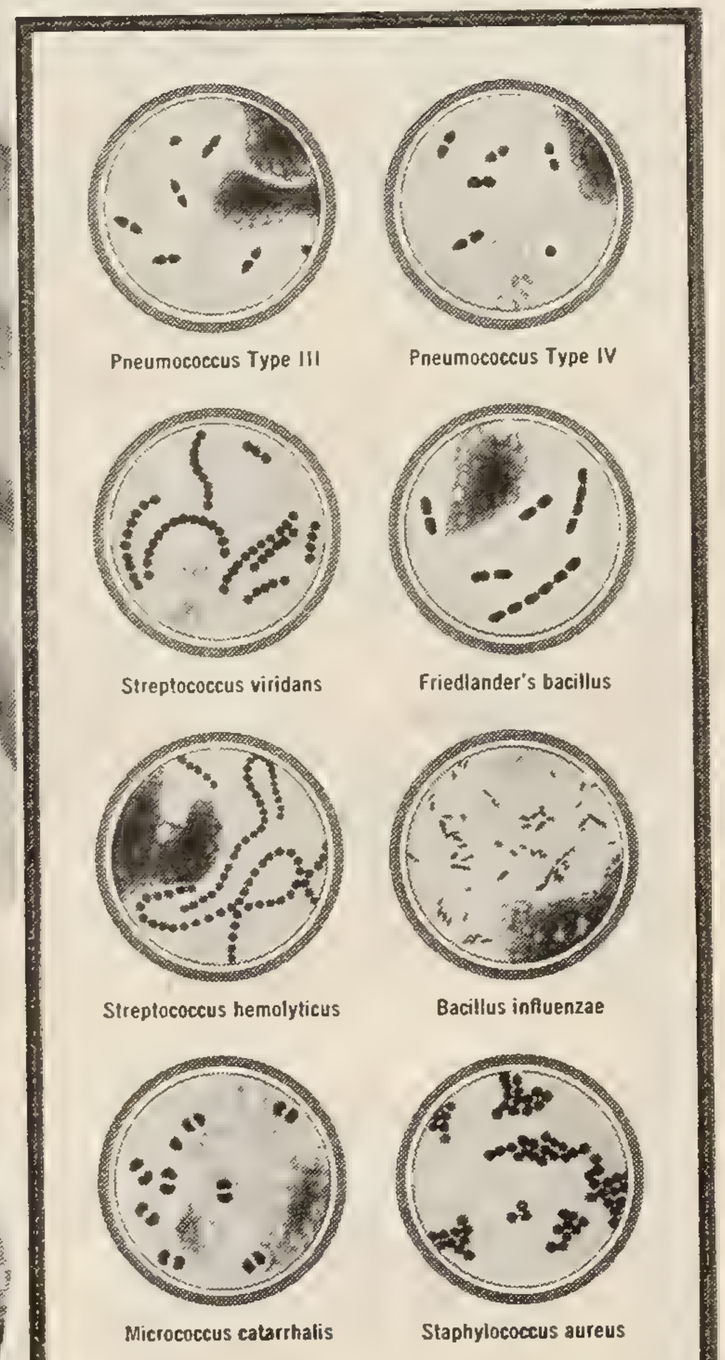
There are three points to keep in mind about your own perfume. The first is your choice. The second is how you use it and the third is the care you take of this precious potion. For perfume is just that.

I have had many letters from readers describing themselves and asking what type of perfume they should use. This is not too easy to answer. A better guide is to know what a person does, and how she dresses, because a perfume is truly part of your wardrobe and should be used as such. It is obvious that if you are an important secretary you do not go about taking dictation, close to another, remember, while using a strong, seductive perfume. By contrast, it is also true that with your formal you need an exciting fragrance rather than a refreshing eau de Cologne. By far the best judge of perfume for you is you, yourself. The fragrance that stirs your imagination, that lifts you and makes you feel happier, is usually the right one for you. And in this respect, there is a vast and varied choice, for fine perfumes are created with just these happy purposes. There are brands of perfume that you can trust as surely as a jewel from Tiffany. There are new and lovely creations being born every day. Here is a field for great experiment and great expectations. In fact, this delving into perfumes and the collection of perfumes and beautiful bottles is a hobby with many Hollywood stars. When I saw Lois Butler not long ago, her cute little face was quite serious as she talked of her fine, hard-to-curl blonde hair, but when we reached perfume, her face lighted like an angel's and you could see the subject delighted her.

There are right and wrong ways to buy perfume. A sniff from a bottle is no way to judge. The *(Please turn to page 72)*



THESE GERMS ARE POTENTIAL TROUBLEMAKERS



"SECONDARY INVADERS"

These germs, even when a cold is initiated by a virus, contribute to much of its misery when they stage a mass invasion of throat tissues.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*



Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7% Even Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—tests showed

If you can get the jump on the cold in the early stages . . . attack germs on throat surfaces before they invade the body . . . you can often "nip" a cold in the bud or lessen its severity.

That's why you ought to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at the very first hint of a sniffle, sneeze, or a tightened throat.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders." Just think, clinical tests showed that after this gargle germs were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after, and up to 80% one hour after.

In short, Listerine Antiseptic, with quick germ-killing action, is a wonderful aid.

Remember also that in tests over a 12-year period, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, than non-users; also that sore throats due to colds were fewer.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
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P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

Obey that Impulse!!!!!



Tie one on with Ty and Gene... two charming people

in a wonderful, wonderful picture!

TYRONE POWER

GENE TIERNEY

"That Wonderful Urge"

20th CENTURY-FOX

with

REGINALD GARDINER · ARLEEN WHELAN · LUCILE WATSON · GENE LOCKHART · LLOYD GOUGH
PORTER HALL · RICHARD GAINES · TAYLOR HOLMES · CHILL WILLS

Directed by ROBERT B. SINCLAIR · *Produced by* FRED KOHLMAR · Screen Play by Jay Dratler • From a Story by William R. Lipman and Frederick Stephani





Above: Lou Schreiber, of 20th Century-Fox, and Cobina Wright at party with Shirley. Above Left: Darryl Zanuck, studio vice-prexy, admiring Shirley's short bob.

20th Century-Fox greeted Shirley Temple with open and paternal arms on her return to the studio to make "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College." Their Welcome Home party for her was jammed with people who worked with Shirley when she was their little blonde-haired darling, forever losing her baby teeth.





Above: Shirley's proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, at her homecoming fete. Left: George Murphy examining flowers Shirley received from studio workers.

NEWSREEL

Among the first to welcome "The Littlest Rebel" back to 20th Century-Fox was Jean Hersholt.

Sir C. Aubrey Smith and Shirley talk over old times when he used to dandle her on his knee back in his and Shirley's *Little Colonel* days.

Clifton Webb, the *Belvedere* who goes to college, chats with Shirley and her mother at the party.







Danny Kaye's magnificent burlesque of Kay Thompson, with Jack Benny, Jack Carson, Van Johnson and George Burns as the four Williams Brothers, was one of the big hits of the Friars' Frolics, the show put on by the actors' club at the Philharmonic Auditorium.

By Lynn Bowers

NEVER let it be said that the red-headed glamour gal, Rita Hayworth, can't stir up a storm of publicity every time she opens her mouth —or even when she keeps it tightly closed. Which is what she did *re* her latest and possibly greatest romance with the Ali Khan, son of the world's wealthiest man. The dashing Indian Prince was in and out of Hollywood and back again before you could say Pakistan, Hyderabad and Cooch-Behar. His first visit was supposed to be veddy hush-hush and even the alert Hollywood camera wizards couldn't get a picture of him and Rita together. However, things were a bit cozier when he returned, on account of the colorful pair smilingly allowed photogs to take their pictures at Ciro's. If and when a divorce from his British wife goes through, 'tis rumored, Rita may become the Princess Ali Khan. Anyhoo, she's wearing a new diamond ring which she probably didn't buy for herself.

—o—

It'll be a long time before Hollywood forgets the Friars' Frolic, which jammed the Philharmonic Auditorium right to the rafters (with many of the seats selling for a hundred bucks a copy, yet). *The Friars, leave me explain, is an actors' club that put on this great show partly for charity and partly for the club's benefit. As master of ceremonies, George Jessel, put it—"we have only one deck of cards for 500 members." Anyhoo, imagine a live show with Jack Benny, Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, George Burns, Al Jolson, Tony Martin, Abbott and Costello, the Ritz Broth-*(*Please turn to page 53*)





Far Left: Last minute touches to Jack Benny's sensational Gracie Allen makeup. Left: Danny Kaye's tricky cummerbund needs feminine adjusting before he goes on.



Jack Benny opened the Friars' Frolics with a hilarious sketch of musical hillbillys, treating the audience to some fancy hoe-down music on his violin. Jack was one of the sparkplugs of the actors' show, which was partly for charity, partly for the club.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!





Above: Buddy Clark, Bob Hope, Tony Martin congratulate Danny Kaye on his Kay Thompson routine at the Friars' Frolics. Buddy and Tony were vocalists in the show while Bob Hope did a fast-fire repartee. Right: Jack Benny's impersonation of Gracie Allen with George Burns was another Frolics highlight.



Jane Wyman

A rollicking comedy romance, "Kiss In The Dark," is Jane Wyman's next star role at Warner Bros. Currently she is impressing audiences in "Johnny Belinda."

JANE'S BIG NIGHT



Jane Wyman glows under compliments given her by Charles Brackett, Jerry Wald and Clarence Brown at Cocoanut Grove party following premiere of "Johnny Belinda."









IT was a big night for Jane Wyman when fellow movie stars turned out en masse to applaud her performance in the Warner Bros. picture, "Johnny Belinda," co-starring Lew Ayres. Top: Jane greeting radio audience. Above: Arriving at premiere with the Clarence Browns in car escorted through throngs of movie fans. Right Above: Hildegarde, Cocoanut Grove's current feature attraction, with Jane Wyman at mike at party following premiere. They talked about fashions, after which audience asked Jane to model her dress. Right Center: Rumor has it that Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan will be reconciled, but Ronnie arrived alone. Right: Jane chats with Rosalind Russell at the theatre.



Robert Cummings defends Loretta Young, who kills a student in "The Accused."

Sydney Greenstreet is an oh, so courteous killer in "The Woman In White."

In "A Double Life," Ronald Colman plays an actor who strangles Shelley Winters.

Rosalind Russell, in "The Velvet Touch," is an actress who kills in a blind rage.

"Street With No Name" has Richard Widmark, well mannered but gun-happy.

A grenadier, Glenn Ford murders for Rita Hayworth in "Loves Of Carmen."

murderers of distinction

You can't commit murder on the screen today unless you're a suave, polished and charming intellectual and mayhem is merely a sideline

By Adelaide Edwards

MURDERERS have switched to distinction—on the screen, that is. Not just *anybody* with a gat, a knife, or strong fingers can do the dastardly deed in pictures these days; the killer must be personable, have devastating charm and the mark of success in some other field besides crime. It isn't absolutely *necessary* to have a college degree, plus scintillating wit and a drawing room manner in order to qualify as a top-notch murderer, though these things are helpful no end in throwing an elegant smoke screen around the criminal's base motives; the important thing is that the murderer be something besides just a plain lowdown killer. Killing is only a sort of extra-curricular activity for the distinguished murderer.

Hamlet is, of course, the prince of murderers—as well as the Prince of Denmark—and how much higher can you get in the social scheme of things? The Melancholy Dane, as Shakespeare conceived him and in the person of Laurence Olivier, is the last word in distinguished murderers; noble of manner, beloved of his friends, a dreamer and an idealist. Not the best murderer, nor the most enthusiastic, to be sure, for he's slow on the draw and has to do an awful lot of talking to himself before he consummates the deed. Nevertheless, *Hamlet* attains a majesty as a murderer that is unsurpassed, and (*Please turn to page 55*)



Laurence Olivier, as the murderer *Hamlet*, attains a majesty that is unsurpassed.

By Joan Bennett

the 10 things I learned from my daughters



It's easy for Joan Bennett to keep abreast of the times with her alert and modern daughters

Joan with Stephanie on "Hollow Triumph" set.

DOES a mother ever learn anything of real importance from her daughters? What do they give to make her daily life fuller and richer? And, in reverse of the usual belief, how vital a part do they play in molding their mother's character?

When SCREENLAND's editor approached me on the Eagle Lion set where I was co-starring with Paul Henreid in "Hollow Triumph" and asked me to write an article on this subject, I agreed readily because my daughters have been a most important factor in my life. It's a topic with which I live every day.

At first, I had an idea that I might have some difficulty in unearthing enough information on this, but as I gave it some thought, I discovered that I've learned an amazing amount from my Diana, Melinda, Stephanie, and will probably learn even more from my youngest daughter, Shelley, who is just seven months old now. In fact, they've been—and still are—the best set of teachers I've ever had. So, with this discovery about my girls and me in mind, here are the 10 important things I've gained from them.

Naturally, the first observation that comes to me is the fact that they have given me patience and un- (*Please turn to page* 56)

Left to Right: Joan Bennett's three daughters, Diana Wanger Anderson, Stephanie Wanger and Melinda Markey, are three of the star's best teachers. In turn, Joan's patience and understanding help them, too.



No mother should lose her own personality in her children, says Joan, who keeps home and career in perfect balance. Above: Relaxing on Eagle Lion's "Hollow Triumph" set. Right: Scene with Paul Henreid.





Tyrone Power
Gene Tierney

Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney enact love scene from "That Wonderful Urge," 20th Century-Fox's modern comedy about a reporter and the richest girl in the world.

The Stars Step Out









THE Hollywood premiere of Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet," proved an irresistible lure for many stars to whom watching a superb performance is next best to giving one themselves. *Above Left:* Greer Garson attended with Vice Consul of the British Empire, Robert Hadow, and Sir Charles Mendl. *Top Right:* Diana Lynn with John Lindsay, representatives of the younger set. *Above:* Lee Bowman and his wife. *Left:* Laraine Day and Leo Durocher celebrated their return by stepping out at the premiere. *Bottom Left:* Ann Blyth, one of the town's busiest stars, with Anthony Curtis. *Below:* Richard Long and Colleen Townsend.





Sonja Returns!



In her first picture in four years, Sonja Henie returns to star in Westwood Corporation's Universal-International film "The Countess Of Monte Cristo," and again bewitches fans with her grace and verve on ice.

Below: Sonja Henie, still known to her fans as "Queen Of The Ice," borrows Michael Kirby, star skater from her own ice show, which tours the nation every year, for her skating partner and leading man in "The Countess Of Monte Cristo." Right: The Calypso number, one of the six solo numbers Sonja performs on the ice, is featured in the Christmas Festival sequence.









As a barmaid, posing as a countess in a swank hotel in Oslo, Sonja meets Michael Kirby, a handsome lieutenant of the Swiss Guards. Her finery, borrowed from a motion picture company on location nearby, involves her in nefarious dealings with a confidence man, until Michael comes romantically to her rescue. Above: Solo number. Left: With Kirby at the Christmas Festival.

COBINA WRIGHT'S Gossip of Hollywood Parties

Gala and gay are the latest doings aptly described by this social leader



Lew Ayres, who co-stars with Jane Wyman in "Johnny Belinda," at the film's premiere, with M. C. Harry Crocker in the background.

WHEN Winter comes to California, film folk seek diversion out of town and divide their fun time between the snow-clad mountains and the various oases in the desert.

While many stars like Claudette Colbert, who is really a ski enthusiast, will make a bee-line for Big Bear and the surrounding mountain ranges, the majority of our film favorites like to bask in the warmer sun of Palm Springs.

In fact, the Springs has been the center of much social activity during the past month.

Giving added dash to the party-throwing in this desert resort this year has been the rivalry between the famous Racquet Club run by silent screen star. Charles Farrell, and the newer and more pretentious Tennis Club, which is seeking top spot as the social center of Palm Springs.

* * *

While the Tennis Club is the scene of many lavish cocktail parties and elaborate dinners, most of the movie crowd prefer the informality of the Racquet Club.

As Betty Hutton said to me, "Cobina, why should I make this trek all the way down into the desert for sun and rest and then find I have to dress for dinner, attend formal teas and put on all my jewels for lunch? That's all right back in Los Angeles, but Palm Springs represents a weekend vacation for me, where I can wear those Levis I love, ride horseback and take life easy."

However, many stars like Irene Dunne like the idea of "dressing up" even on a holiday, and a Saturday night at the Tennis Club will find the glass-terraced dining room filled with such beauties as Loretta Young, Joan Bennett, Hedy Lamarr and Roz Russell all decked out in their finest array.

* * *

SPEAKING of "dressing up," incidentally, costume parties are now back in vogue and stars are trying to out-rival one another with weird get-ups.

One of the most unusual ideas was introduced by Dorothy Lamour at a recent fancy dress ball at Ciro's. Dottie arrived and created a sensation with her outfit, which was a striking black and gold Columbine affair, which she topped by drawing a silk stocking over her head and tying at her throat. This "Meshy," as Dorothy calls it, gave the Lamour face an extra-exotic look and is most effective. Try it at the next costume party you go to. Be sure and tie the top part into an elfin knot and then draw the filmy stocking tight over your face, securing it with a *(Please turn to page 62)*



Ann Revere congratulates a radiant Jane Wyman on her performance, after the premiere of "Johnny Belinda," in which Jane plays the role of a deaf mute.



Alan Ladd and his wife arriving at the spectacular opening of "Johnny Belinda."



Ronald Reagan, with Harry Crocker, was one of the first to congratulate Jane Wyman on her brilliant performance.



Mr. and Mrs. Stephen McNally (he's the menace in "Johnny Belinda") at the debut.



James Stewart struck an informal note amidst the glitter of the lavish premiere.



Shirley Temple and John Agar were among the celebrities attending the gala fete at Warners' Hollywood Theatre.



Star additions to the premiere audience were Tony Martin and his Cyd Charisse.



The Robert Youngs pause in lobby before entering theatre to see "Johnny Belinda."



Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz at the premiere which heralded a return to Hollywood's oldtime, fabulous openings.



Jane Wyman's ice-blue satin gown for the debut was a present from Ronald Reagan.

Fatal Attack

The desperate fight Loretta Young puts up as a terror-crazed psychology professor attempting to fend off the ruthless advances of Douglas Dick, a student, keynotes "The Accused," a drama of murder in self-defense. As emotionally blocked as any of her case histories, naive Loretta seems easy prey to the handsome lecher.





Tricked into going with Dick to a deserted spot, Loretta is stunned when he makes violent love to her; panic-stricken when she realizes resistance is useless. She grabs a steel tool and smashes him blindly over the head with it, then revolted, tries to make the murder appear an accident by shoving his body off a cliff. Loretta goes back to the college where bewildered, frightened, ashamed, she stoutly refuses to admit she killed Dick even in self-defense, though the finger of evidence points surely to her, "The Accused."

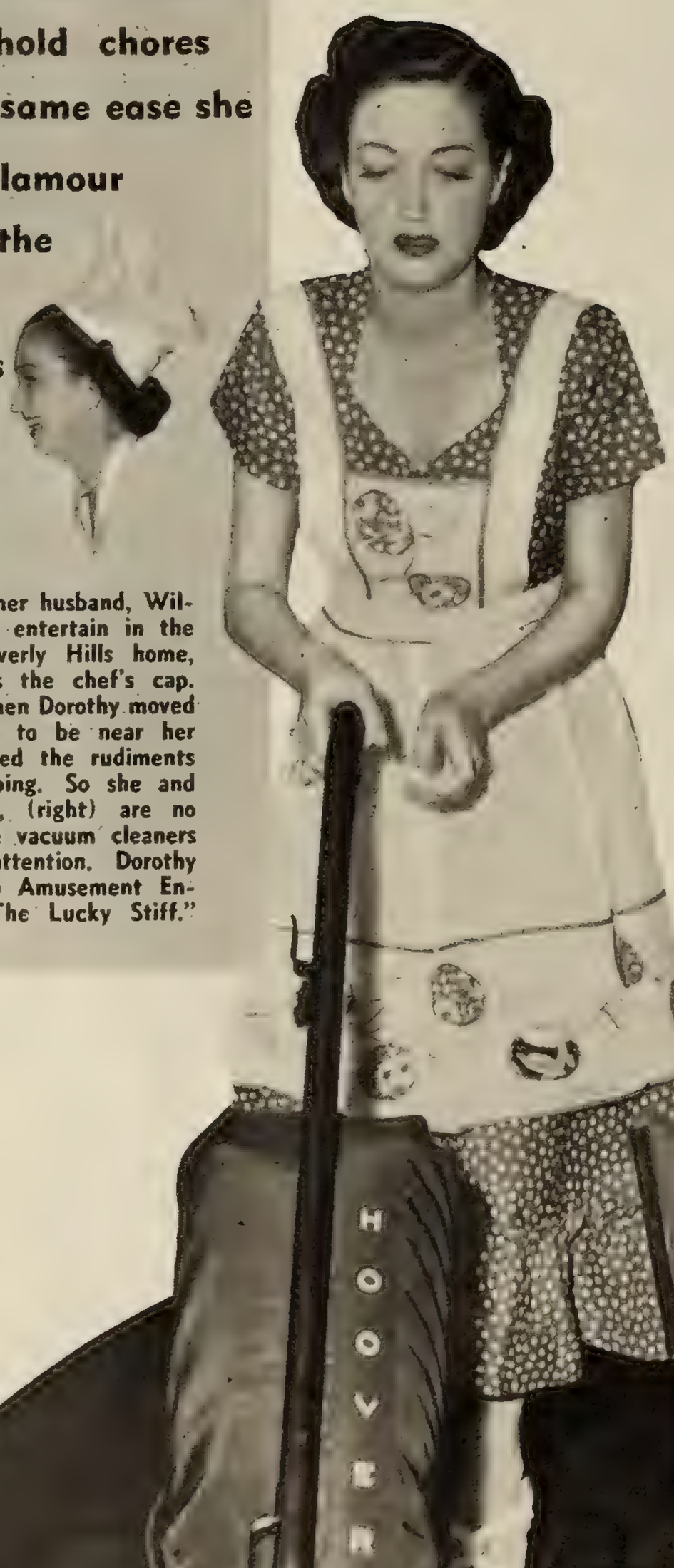


Bob Hope **Paramount star, Bob Hope, now being seen in laugh-riot, "The Paleface," with Jane Russell, next plays colorful Damon Runyon character in "Sorrowful Jones."**

Mother's Little Helper



On maid's day off, Dorothy Lamour tackles household chores with the same ease she plays her glamour roles on the screen—with son Ridge's help



When Dottie and her husband, William Ross Howard, entertain in the patio of their Beverly Hills home, it's Bill who dons the chef's cap. During the War, when Dorothy moved to San Bernardino to be near her husband, she learned the rudiments of good housekeeping. So she and son, John Ridgely, (right) are no strangers to the vacuum cleaners when rugs need attention. Dorothy is starring now in Amusement Enterprises' film, "The Lucky Stiff."



Dorothy lives in a charming Georgian Colonial house. She takes pride in her home and everything is always in its proper place. Although some of the furniture was especially made for her by George Montgomery, she has a few lovely antique pieces, but her big enthusiasm is silver and she keeps adding to her collection.



Above: Three-year-old Ridge is learning to be mother's little helper early in life and proves he can be trusted with breakable cups as well as his own unbreakable one. Scenes at right: Dorothy joins her son in a glass of milk; helping with the dishes; reading a bedtime story from Mother Goose.



Above: John Ridgely loves to splash in the water as Dottie gives him his evening bath. It's part of the routine that both mother and son enjoy. Right: Son Ridge, in learning to dress and undress himself, has developed a few ideas of his own and is energetic in demonstrating them to his mother.



Newest Bombshell

Eighteen-year-old Barbara Lawrence is combination of her wench and co-ed roles

By Kate Holliday

BARBARA LAWRENCE is doing all right, especially for a gal just eighteen. For a woman of that advanced age, she's wowing 'em.

You saw her recently in "Street With No Name"—or didn't you recognize her? After her flapperish performance in "Margie," we admit that what she did with Mark Stevens in the FBI story was a bit on the surprising side. For she was, as you recall, a *wench*. That is absolutely the only word for it. She was a wench who, moreover, *slunk*. Who wore clinging gowns. Whose blonde hair was dangling in her eyes. Who was about as sexy as you can get.

This was, as we say, a slight surprise to the customers. And we should add that it was also a slight surprise to Barbara.

There was one bit of business in that character which had her rolling hysterically in the aisles when she saw the finished film. She was to play the part to the hilt, which, according to the director, meant that she should go around most of the time with a (*Please turn to page 57*)







Above: Barbara turns on allure in "Unfaithfully Yours," at 20th Century-Fox. Above Right: In "Give My Regards To Broadway," with Charles Russell. Right: With Linda Darnell, Kurt Krueger and Rudy Vallee in "Unfaithfully Yours." Left: On set with stand-in, Martha Crawford.





Upper Left: Gene is one of the leading recording artists, being one of Columbia's best sellers. Upper Right: With Barbara Britton in "Loaded Pistols." Left: Gene's radio show is one of the most popular on the air. Right: With his wife in their San Fernando Valley home.





How Popular Can You Get?

By Tricia Hurst

Year after year, Gene Autry's popularity has increased and here's the reason why

THERE was a great difference in the reasons for this writer's lop-sided walk as she hurried into the stage entrance of Madison Square Garden and the lop-sided posture of the thousands of kids waiting at the 8th Avenue entrance to buy their tickets to the rodeo. The children, every size, shape, age, color and creed, were laden down with cowboy hats and whips, miniature dolls resembling their hero who was soon to be seen in the flesh, programs and score sheets, and holsters which contained surprisingly realistic-looking pistols. To top it off, many of them were decked out in cowboy suits complete with chaps and spurs. No wonder they all looked a bit lop-sided when they moved. It was a mystery to me how they even stood up. Seeing as how I possessed none of these treasures my slightly lean-to walk could only be laid to the assignment before me. My editor had said, "Get a story on Gene Autry," and right then and there I acquired a big fat chip on my shoulder. If there's one kind of a story I detest doing it's the sweet drooly kind that radiates sunshine and cheer and usually leaves the reader with the feeling that movie magazines are nothing more than a medium for impressing the public with the finer points of the Hollywood set. I have always liked to read something with a little *(Please turn to page 60)*



Gene Autry and his famous horse, Champion, as they appear in "Loaded Pistols."

DON



ERROL FLYNN, whose own romantic escapades have made headlines throughout the years, has himself quite a time in Warner Brothers' "The Adventures Of Don Juan." In this film of the romantic exploits of the gay and handsome 17th Century gallant, Errol makes love to no less than five different girls. Left: Helen Westcott, as Lady Diana, falls for the Don Juan charm. Below: Errol as the dashing Don Juan. Below Center: Errol takes time out from his love-making to settle a score with the wicked Prime Minister, played by Robert Douglas. Below, Far Left: Nora Eddington (Mrs. Flynn in private life) sitting on the set's sidelines watching her husband make passionate love to Viveca Lindfors, Ann Rutherford, Barbara Bates, Helen Westcott and Mary Stuart. Nora has a small part in the film, but is not one of Errol's girl friends. Bottom Center: Errol has romantic interlude with Ann Rutherford. Bottom, Far Left: Don Juan makes love to the Queen of Spain (Viveca Lindfors) who'd willingly sacrifice husband and throne for the dashing lothario.











ERROL

Right: When the conniving Prime Minister seizes the palace and condemns the queen to death, Don Juan engages him in a duel. Below: Errol surrounded by a bevy of beauties in the Warner film. Bottom: Barbara Bates makes no attempt to resist the kisses of Don Juan. Far Right and Circle: Mary Stuart is another of his conquests. Despite his philandering, Don Juan really loves the queen, but persuades her to remain loyal to Spain. However, as he sadly rides away to Lisbon, a coach, enroute to Paris with a beautiful girl, passes him and, true to the Don Juan tradition, he turns his horse around and follows in quest of a new love.













Stephen McNally will get a chance to reform and go straight as a detective in "Criss Cross," a social worker in "The Amboy Dukes."

MEANEST MAN IN MOVIES

Stephen McNally's a nice Joe, but on screen he's been hissed from coast to coast

By Adelaide Edwards

WE shall now discuss one of the most unpleasant characters to be seen on the screen for a long while. His name is *Locky McCormick*, and he is played by Stephen McNally in "Johnny Belinda."

"Johnny Belinda" itself is not guaranteed to make you sleep nights. It's a drama set against a fog-bound, rocky coast, filled with strange, isolated, and brutal people who have rare —and only rare—flashes of humanity. And the strangest, by far the most brutal of all, is the aforementioned *Locky*.

He gets drunk. He tosses a man off a cliff after first beating his face in. He assaults a girl. He attempts child-stealing. He is, generally speaking, just about the biggest heel in recent picture history.

He is played to a fare-thee-well by a large, black-haired guy with strong black brows and dark eyes named McNally. McNally is quite a boy. He makes you hate *Locky* down to your toes, makes you rise cheering from your seat when he finally gets his come-uppance.

There is one line which *Locky* says, however, which is more in character for McNally than for (*Please turn to page* 64)



Above: Dick Powell is savagely garroted by fugitive Stephen McNally in Universal-International's "Rogues' Regiment." In the flesh, McNally is about as far from a villain as you can get. Below: With Henry Rowland in a scene from same picture.



Above: In "Johnny Belinda," Stephen McNally, with Jan Sterling, plays to a fare-thee-well the biggest heel in recent picture history. Below: McNally, who was a lawyer before he turned to acting, in "Rogues' Regiment" with Vincent Price.







Shelley Winters at a party with Larry Tierney and Adrian Booth. She has an infectious gaiety that gets her into screwball situations.

St. Looie Woman!

A light heart conceals Shelley Winter's basic shrewdness

By Linda Carter

"EVERYONE thinks I'm a native of Brooklyn," Shelley Winters says. "Actually, I lived the first eleven years of my life in St. Louis."

This statement may start an all-out tug of war between Brooklyn and St. Louis to claim Shelley as their exclusive own since she's hit the high points on the popularity meter with the press, the studios and the public.

The possibilities of such a war occurring are (*Please turn to page 65*)

Above: In "Larceny," Shelley plays a bad girl opposite John Payne. Far Left: Her role of the waitress murdered by Ronald Colman in "A Double Life," sparked her career. However, Shelley doesn't think she's been typed. "Look at the variety of bad girls I've played." Left: With Anthony Curtis.





Lou Costello plays hard to get in Universal-International's version of "Mexican Hayride" when Luba Malina pours on Latin allure south of the border.



South Of The Border With Lou

Left: Luba Malina, billed as the Russian-Latin when she appeared at Versailles in Manhattan, gave up dress-modeling to become the eye-appealing charmer in Broadway's "Mexican Hayride." She plays the same role in the picture with Lou Costello, the Iowan who has been bilked in a phony oil well deal by confidence man, Bud Abbott. Luba is one of the beautiful barriers Bud puts up when he flees with the dough to Mexico. Below: Lou's heart is Luba's toy when she says her heart's on fire with love, and Lou replies, "I'll smother that fire with kisses." He does and reforms the scheming senorita.



ALWAYS AUDREY

Audrey Totter's even temper belies nickname, "Teeter-Totter"





Audrey, on the set with Director Curtis Bernhardt, likes stimulating discussions.



Anyone would sit up, a MGM did, and take notice of Audrey Totte in such a glamour pose (above) or the outdoor sy lass (below), wh likes long walks in th hills. Left: Audrey vis its with Robert Taylo during filming of a co starring picture at MGM Popular, too, with co workers. When sh earned her own dressing room on MGM lot, the flooded it with flowers

By Constance Palmer

"FROM bit player to featured roles in two years!" Audrey Totter gives you a happy, sly smile—a cat-that-ate-the-canary smile when she says that. The statement isn't accurate but she loves the pat sound of it. There's a sort of rags-to-riches, Cinderella-lives-in-the-palace-now rhythm that would look fine in a success magazine. And Audrey likes success.

Everybody knows she didn't come to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a bit player. Good parts in a few small budget pictures, then a sudden zoom up to the top in Robert Montgomery's startling "Lady In The Lake," in which he used a new technique that made audiences sit up and take notice.

Most particularly they sat up and took notice of Audrey. "Now there's a girl," they muttered as one man, "who'll bear watching."

Metro, though, had known it all along. Surmised they'd picked them a peach when they signed her. Now their peach had ripened into a lushness gratifying to behold. Soon she was loaned out to Michael Curtiz for "The Unsuspected" at Warners. Then she was brought back home to be featured with Robert Taylor in "The High Wall."

"When I was given a dressing-room all my own in the Featured Players' Building, I was elated," Audrey gloated. "No more wandering all over the lot between pictures without a place to lay my head! It's divine to *(Please turn to page 69)*





Gentleman's Choice

By Irene

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Irene has a unique position in the fashion world. She designs for the stars of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. She also presents "Irene" clothes in twenty-five leading stores throughout the country. Needless to say, they are most eagerly sought by the smart women of America.)

A DESIGNER'S desire is to make women look lovelier, to give them the pleasure of lastingly beautiful clothes, and the pleasure of admiring glances . . . particularly masculine.

A woman's desire for personal attraction must be guided by good taste, which is a preference for restraint in everything. Only then, does a lady's choice coincide with a gentleman's choice—for men, generally speaking, have excellent taste. I believe they have better taste than women because of that restraint. Good taste has nothing to do with money or breeding, but it has a great deal to do with a feeling for simplicity,







Left: Jeanette MacDonald, currently starring in MGM's "Sun In The Morning," models an evening gown which Irene designed of white mousseline de soie featuring hip drapery of crystal bugle beads. Center: The "five o'clock on" or "little evening" dress of platinum brocade has new hemline averaging eight inches from floor in front and four inches in back, with side drapery to give added fullness to skirt. Right: Moss green wool suit with cream wool stitching boasts a simplicity of design for which Irene is famous.

Wise women realize men with good taste like simplicity as well as beauty in feminine styles

knowing how to wear your clothes and where they should be worn. Jeanette MacDonald is a good example of this in MGM's "Sun In The Morning."

Men, naturally, have a great eye for beauty. When they see a beautiful girl, they want to see *her*, not the details of her costume. Therefore, they want simplicity. It annoys men when they see an unattractive woman trying to gain attention through fantastically extreme clothes. You have to be figure conscious if you value masculine approval. But if a designer starts out merely to show off a figure, she can easily make a woman look cheap. If she works on it subtly, however, the result is a lovely figure in excellent taste. It's a matter of cutting. It's a trick.

A designer has another desire . . . to develop in women an appreciation of lasting clothes. If clothes are really good, they must last for a long time. I loathe styles which are so extreme that they become completely outmoded within a few months. Women are so clever in France. They buy clothes only twice a year . . . in the Spring and in the Fall. They never make a hurried selection of a new dress to be worn that night. Now American women are learning to do the same thing by carefully planning a complete wardrobe.

Not long ago I read an article about having one good outfit for each occasion, and I think it's a splendid idea, particularly for women with limited incomes. American women are learning the value of this system and they are being encouraged in it through something which is happening in this country. Recently, a fabric designer remarked that there has been a great change in the fashion world of America. He used to sell heavy wools for Winter, and lightweight wools for Spring. Now there is no dividing line. Women wear the same wool the year round.

Perhaps the fact that more women wear fur coats now has something to do with it. Thus their sheer wools are quite right beneath a fur coat in the Winter, as well as for street wear in Summer. Even the seasonal dividing line of color seems to be disappearing, for pastels are now worn in the Winter, just as black is always smart for city wear in Summer.

So why can't one concentrate on good clothes that will last? Ordinarily I'd suggest that a suit would be the most important investment in a girl's wardrobe. However, a wardrobe outline depends greatly upon the wearer's activities. For a girl working in a downtown office where she is mixed in with hundreds of other girls, a date dress is probably the most important item in her wardrobe and she should invest most in that.

The "five o'clock on" dress that averages eight inches from the floor in front, and perhaps four inches in back, has become increasingly important this season. For the young girl's evening dress, I prefer the ballerina type, or the bouffant.

The average young American girl doesn't acquire any great chic until she is about twenty-five. I don't believe that girls in their (*Please turn to page* 68)







Above: Hostess gown, designed by Irene and worn by Jeanette MacDonald in "Sun In The Morning," combines wool and velvet of hyacinth blue, while souffle of same shade is used as ascot and pleated underskirt. Center: Casual gray striped herringbone tweed suit centers attention on arrow-shaped patch pockets and cuff arrangement. Accessories include copper silk scarf and russet kid purse, glove and shoes. Right: For evening wrap, Jeanette prefers stole of white mink to add graceful elegance to gala events.



"It amazes me how sweet most girls are," says Lon McCallister with Ann Blyth, one of the sweetest, at a recent party.



Of Peggy Ann Garner, his co-star in "The Big Cat," Lon says affectionately, "Sometimes she makes me feel like an old man."

Don't Marry An Actor!





Lon McCallister lists the dangers of marrying an actor, but admits he's looking for a wife

Left: Lon on a recent cruise. He hopes to travel a lot, especially by boat or by plane.



Above: With Preston Foster in "The Big Cat." Lon thinks he'd be a selfish husband.

"What I really go for is a homebody," but so far Lon's never been seriously in love.

By Frances Kish

WHEN a fellow gets to be twenty-five, is having one of the most successful careers in that city of successes called Hollywood, has dated some of the cutest, sweetest, prettiest and smartest starlets—yet admits he has never been seriously in love, that's the starting point of a story. A story about Lon McCallister.

Lon still looks like the cherubic-faced choirboy he played in his first movie, twelve years ago. So when he begins to expound his ideas about love and marriage you're as amazed as if Margaret O'Brien should discuss the potentialities of the atom bomb. Though expound is hardly the word.

"For," says Lon, "it's silly of me to talk a lot about girls and love. I've really dated very few girls for a fellow my age, and practically all of them have been actresses. When you're brought up in Hollywood, in the movies, actresses are the girls you get to know best. What I really go for, though, is a homebody. If that sounds like a paradox, it isn't. Some of the most domestic-minded girls I've known, the ones who would like to cook and sew and who know how to work a broom, sport the longest false eyelashes. The lashes are just window-dressing for their acting chores.

"Of course," he tells you, "beauty always attracts a fellow. I asked Ann Blyth for a date the first time because she's so beautiful. And she became even more beautiful to me as I got to know her well. That doesn't always happen. Some girls lose their charm for you quickly. Ann has *(Please turn to page 70)*

Roughing It



Circle: Coleen's a ranch owner who falls in love with Mark, a carefree and wealthy sportsman.









It was back to the wilds for Coleen Gray, with Mark Stevens and Rory Calhoun in 20th Century-Fox's "Sand." The picture was shot at Durango, Colorado, since the story, from Will James' novel of a show horse who escapes to the plains and turns wild, has a rugged background. Top Left: Coleen and Electrician Jack Metcalf chewing the fat between scenes. Above Left: Coleen, Mark, Al Mazzola, studio grip, enjoy time off. Coleen liked the location, as rough as it was, for she's a farm girl and expert horsewoman herself. Above: Coleen and Mark confer about the weather. No work if it rains. Left: A love scene, cowboy style, with Rory Calhoun. Right: Gilding the lily is Pat McNally, "Sand" makeup man.



IN playing "Joan Of Arc," Ingrid Bergman has realized the most compelling ambition of her life. So intent was she upon enacting the sainted "Maid Of Orleans," that Ingrid formed her own company, invested her own money and gave the film as lavish a production as any has ever had. She assembled the strongest supporting cast you'll ever see. It is not, however, the magnitude of this Technicolor production that overwhelms you, but rather Ingrid's stirring performance as *Joan*. Her interpretation, based on the actual facts, will appeal to saints and sinners alike.

Screenland salutes Ingrid Bergman



Henry Fonda, star of Broadway's "Mister Roberts," William Holden and Fred Robbins talking over favorite records. Henry, last seen on the screen in "Fort Apache" for RKO, is very specific so far as likes and dislikes in discs are concerned.

Fred Robbins RIGHT OFF THE RECORD

HYA Max! Is it balm your ear lacks?
Well, we've got it in packs
So come dig the new wax!

Makes no never mind 'bout those frozen ponds and pipes outside 'cause there's buckets of freshly baked waffles from the ever-lovin' oven 'tween the ridges of which lies some nice noise that'll make a permanent home in your cozy little eardrum. And now that the sound box you got for chime time is broken in—well—what are we waiting for? Then alors!

HEAVENLY!

Perry Como—Don't know who's lazier—the kid from Canonburg, Pa., Bing, or F. R.—but Ronnie's old man is as relaxed as a limp cornflake on this slab of "For You" and "By The Way." Only guy we know who can sing with his hands in his pockets—anyone else the audience would think was nuts. See—a star can do anything—and this one's a warm, informal, wonderful guy with a throatful of throbs. (*Victor*)

Kay Starr—The zestful little chestful's out with another fresh slab loaded with all the distinction this lusty canary has—"There Ain't No Sweet Man Worth The Salt Of My Tears" and "Please Love Me," the first lightly rhythmic and the flip a ballad about 10 miles an hour. Kay's got a great beat and feeling in her squealing, be it ballad or burgundy! Star material, this Starr chick! (*Capitol*)

Vic Damone—The head of Vic's Victims does goose-pimply things to one of the top things of the season—"Far Away Places," which could be the sequel to



Mary ("Small Wonder") McCarty teaches a few of her celebrated dance steps to Fred.

Fred interviewing high school visitors at a recent teen-age party in the studio. He's also heard, coast-to-coast, over CBS.



Walter Wanger, producer of Ingrid Bergman's sensational "Joan Of Arc," proved to be an all-out record fan on Fred's program.



"Tree In The Meadow." Then he out-Sinatras Frank on the one from Christina's Daddy's own flicker—"The Kissing Bandit"—"I Offer You The Moon, Senorita." Vic's adenoids are as delicious as his Mom's ravioli—and this kid knows! Yummy! (*Mercury*)

Margaret Whiting—This rascal etched "Far Away Places," too—planting another hit right next to that "Tree" which so many record buyers leaned against. And Maggie's packed this ten-inch travelogue with a heap of heart. T'other cheek is "My Own True Love," from the Paramount celluloid of the same handle—a smart tune which needs more than one needling—but'll stick around longer than cheap fly-by-night pops. (*Capitol*)

Johnny Mercer And Wingy Manone—Oh, put the tailgate down! 'Cause the cracker's on the lacquer with Joe Manone from San Antone—and that's better than ham and cheese! Wingston's Dixie band's on the up face, "The Tailgate Ramble," with him and Johnny riding on the wagon and tattooing a bouncin' bit of two-beat on you. Then they board the "Tuscaloosa Bus" on the under side with the Pied Pipers and Paul Weston and Co. and the vehicle comes on like the "Chattanooga Choo Choo." Hydromatic static! They make a fine team and should cut lotsa shellac! (*Capitol*)

Peter Lind Hayes—Wow! Whatta surprise this is! Pete Hayes is a great comic, actor and monologist—gets off some hilarious characterizations in his club and theatre dates all over the country and does a few things which make use of his tonsils. Well, along came Decca and wound those chords around their label—establishing P. L. H. as definite hit material. There's "My Darling, My Darling," with the Stardusters, "Dainty Brenda Lee," copping the proper shucking from Pete's versatile throat, "That Certain Party," and "Life Gets Tedjus"—all getting just what the doctor ordered. Stuff for every taste here—but "My Darling" is the best. Looks like Petey's made a lot more work for himself 'cause the audiences'll be askin' for these. *(Decca)*

Perfume Set To Music—A languorous sheaf of scents by Corday set to sound—using the theremin, the instrument with the ethereal sound—with a chorus of scented gullets directed by Les Baxter, who used to be in the Mel-Tones. Come and let your ear sniff "Fame," "Jet," "L'Ardente Nuit," "Possession," "Toujours Moi" and "Tzigane." Rapturous sound, and a brilliant idea! (*Victor*)

Johnny Desmond—See that you don't catch cold when you dig Desmo's fresh cookie—'cause there'll be bunches and gobs of shivers down your fine spine. "Tara Talara Tala"—is a sweet lullaby that'll have you as happy as the babe in the tree top—and is sure to be a big waffle. Flip—"Before Long"— has more of Johnny's soulful breathing on a new ballad. CBS's television star comes on like ermine! (*MGM*)

BEST IN THE NEST

"Polka Dots And Moonbeams"—Claude Thornhill *(Columbia)*
"Tara Talara Tala"—Johnny Desmond *(MGM)*
"The Tailgate Ramble"—Johnny Mercer and Wingy Manone *(Capitol)*
"Perfume Set To Music" *(Victor Album)*
"How High The Moon"—Gene Krupa *(Columbia)*
"My Darling, My Darling"—Doris Day and Buddy Clark *(Columbia)*
"Harlem Holiday"—Stan Kenton *(Capitol)*
"A Foggy Day"—Mel Torme *(Musicraft)*
"Say It Isn't So"—Dick Haymes *(Decca)*
"Suddenly It Jumped"—Duke Ellington *(Victor)*

Stan Kenton—Scrape me off a saucer and call me buttercup! That Kenton gang comes on like Truman! 'Specially on "Harlem Holiday," which gets away from the too progressive and swings like Tarzan from the nearest tree! Sort of a modernized deal on Stan's biscuit of "Harlem Folk Dance" and with the added bongo—wow! And triple wow! Junie Christy puts down some of her finest chirpin' ever on the under side on "Don't Want That Man Around," slow, bluesy deal with lots of interesting changes. Come and get your Kentonia, Caledonia! (*Capitol*)

Buddy Clark-Doris Day—The "Love Somebody" kids flutter like a couple of starlings on "My Darling, My Darling," the beauty from "Where's Charley," and one of the big smasheroos of the year, dear. Then turn right around and revive the oldie, "That Certain Party." Yes they have, you know what! And we mean "Sparkle Plenty" and the baritone lark! They're perf together! (*Columbia*)

Also Earworthy—FRANK SINATRA'S "If I Steal A Kiss" and "Senorita" from Christina's daddy's fresh flicker, "Kissing Bandit"—pleasant, but not hit stuff *(Columbia)* . . . EVE YOUNG AND JACK LATHROP'S—"My Darling, My Darling"—another coosome twosome—(*Victor*) . . . MARTHA TILTON'S welcome reissue of "I'll Remember April"—luscious thrushin' (*Capitol*) . . . PEARL BAILEY'S "I'm Lazy, That's All" and "Say It Simple"—more of my girl Pearl's EVELYN KNIGHT *(Decca)* . . . JOHNNY LAURENZ on "A Red Rose For A Blue Lady," a fetching etching *(Mercury)* . . . THE PIED PIPERS' reissue of "The Whiffenpoof Song" and "Dream" *(Capitol)* . . . GORDON MACRAE AND JO STAFFORD entwining their lung tissue on "My Darling, My Darling" and "Girls Were Made To Take Care Of Boys." These kids go together like you and SCREENLAND *(Capitol)* . . . NELLIE LUTCHER—"I Wish I Was In Walla Ditto"—backwards allaw allaw—but like measles. *(Capitol)* . . . LENA HORNE—"One For My Baby"—the great Johnny Mercer deal from the flicker, "Road House." Rebaked cookie and delish! *(Victor)* . . . TEX BENEKE pouring "Blue Champagne"—a sparkling thing! Watch the bubbles! *(Victor)* . . . Capitol's welcome album, "Join The Band"—wherein you can perform as soloist, or vocalist—to the backgrounds of "Body And Soul," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Sweet Lorraine," "Sunset And Vine Blues," "I Got Rhythm," "I May Be Wrong," "I Surrender Dear," and "Just You, Just Me." S'like singing or playing your instrument with a full band—this one led by Billy May. Great idea! . . . HAL MCINTYRE'S beautiful ear massage of Hoagy Carmichael's "One Morning In May"—one of both H's best *(MGM)* . . . DINAH SHORE on "Far Away Places" and "Say It Every Day"—enchanting chanting from Melissa's cute Mommy *(Columbia)* . . . CLAUDE THORNHILL'S magnificent styling of "Polka Dots And Moonbeams," instrumentally—and you can imagine the red tape he had to go through to do this hit of several years ago that way *(Columbia)* . . . VIC DAMONE'S "My Fraternity Pin," which'll stick on you like one (*Mercury*) . . . and "Say It Isn't So" by KAY KYSER (*Columbia*) . . . CONNIE HAINES' "My Man" and "Stormy Weather" (*Signature*).

HOT!!!

Gene Krupa—The rascal with the light brown drumsticks *(and the Columbia short we made together is flickering around the country so watch for it)* tattoos you with a full band explosion on "How High The Moon," the jazz standard and wow! How it leaps! All other cookies on it are by small groups, this the first big band one. Flip has Anita O'Day pouring "Tea For Two" in both of your avid audio cavities with steaming solos all thru the cup. These were cut ages ago—s'about time they were released! (*Columbia*)

Duke Ellington—Maybe they took a cue from Columbia, but Victor mashes a reissue on you, too, Sue. And can it be anything but great! It's Ellington—and that's all you need—on "Suddenly It Jumped"—spotting Taft Jordan on trumpet—and it does jump just as suddenly as you put needle to wax. Ray Nance cavorts thru the under face in "My Honey's Lovin' Arms." This'll be one of your loving cookies! (*Victor*)

Charley Ventura—Play this for anyone who says he doesn't like be-bop! It's Chaz Ventura's troublin' hunk of bubblin'—"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"—with Jackie Cain and Roy Kral on the bop vocal—ee-be-de-be-be-de BUBBLES! You'll be doin' that all day long after two spinnings. S'darling, it jumps and it's bop! (*National*)

Benny Goodman—Rachel's Daddy salivates the reed on his woodwind on a brace of sextet deals and you know it's got to be impeccable stuff, Benny being the perfectionist he is. "Varsity Drag" is right in the side pocket, with Red Norvo on vibes and Al Hendrickson, guitar,

among others. Flip is easy to get along with—"The Maids Of Cadiz," with BG all over the wax. (*Capitol*)

Sidney Bechet—"The grand old man of the soprano saxophone," one of the most inventive and inspired musicians of our time, is "Pops" Bechet, a wonderful man with a fabulous and exciting life. Ears off to Columbia for this fresh album of Sidney's genius. He does "Laura," "Just One Of Those Things," "Love For Sale," which have become Bechet specialities—and "Kansas City Man Blues," "Polka Dot Stomp," "I Had It But It's All Gone Now," "Spreadin' Joy," and "Shake 'Em Up." Sidney's proteges, 17-year-old Bob Wilbur's Wildcats, are along for the exciting ride. So if ya want the real thing, not some cheap, gagged-up corny trash like Pee Wee Hunt's "Twelfth Street Rag," spear this album, but prestissimo! *(Columbia)*

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

LUIS ROSCOE, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.—Al Jolson did a whole album for Decca of his big favorites. Should be down your way by now . . . VERNOR McVEY, CHARLESTON, ILL.—Charley Delaunay's "Hot Discography" in its latest edition is out and a godsend to any jazz fan. Write to Creative Press in N. Y. for info. . . . JOAN KESSLER, DUMONT, N. J.—MGM didn't issue a sound track album from "Easter Parade." Maybe because there were so many biscuits of the various songs from the pix . . . SGT. K. D. CAREY AND SGT. K. J. THOMAS, SEATTLE, WASH.—Shame on you guys! You should know Al Jolson did his own singing in the "Jolson Story." How great can Larry Parks be! . . . JO ELLEN COATE, PIEDMONT, CALIF.—Don't think there's a record of "La Bomba" from "Fiesta," by Cyd Charisse and Ricardo Montalban. Cyd leaves the waffles to Tony . . . PFC. LEONARD COHEN, CANAL ZONE—"The Groovey Thing" was made by Earl Bostic on the Gotham label. You'd have to write to the company in N. Y. for it . . . AUDREY WRAY, NASHVILLE, TENN.—Dizzy Gillespie's freshest is "Algo Bueno," meaning something good—and it sure is, but and how! The congo drum will drive you crazy with the beat and Diz is terrific! People are digging Bop more and more! . . . GAIL RUBIN, BALTIMORE, MD.—"Robbins' Nest" is this kid's new syndicated record show heard coast-to-coast and I hope in your town. It's bought by individual stations and we sure hope some good peanut whistle in your city is airing it . . . Meantime watch for our Columbia shorts at your local flicker palace and lay some linen on me about anything that's buggin' you in re sharps and flats. We'll try and answer . . . Till next month, take it slow . . .

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 20

ers, and Lou Holtz as headliners and many other top-flight entertainers giving their all for three fast-moving hours!

Jack Benny started the hilarious evening off with his hillbilly band. Jack, clad in a faded red flannel undershirt and tired old overalls, played some real hoe-down music on his violin. Then he made a fast change into a blue suit to impersonate, with Jack Carson, Van Johnson, and George Burns, the four Williams Brothers of the famous Kay Thompson act. Kay was impersonated by Danny Kaye, who was only sensational.

Another highlight of the evening was the Burns and Allen act. And here again Jack Benny stole the show, dressed as Gracie—and believe it or not, he even managed to look like her, done up to and above his big blue eyes in a bugle-bead dress, a long fur scarf, red wig and hat. His feet and ankles looked mighty trim, too, in three-inch heels and sheer stockings, although Jack didn't seem to be too sure-footed in the high spikes.

George Burns, again, with funnyman Ben Blue and young Donald O'Connor, stopped the show with a comedy version of an 18th century minuet. Don, this time, was dressed as a colonial belle. All this dressing up as gals, for your information, is on account of the Friars don't allow women to participate in their shows.

Wish we had time to tell you in detail about the other wonderful acts but it would take up this entire column; but Al Jolson closed the show by singing many of his famous numbers (which he kiddingly said had been made famous by Larry Parks). *Joley was in blackface for the first time in over twenty years. Believe me, chums, this was an evening to go down in entertainment history and there's some talk that the fellers will make a movie around the Follies. If they do, it will be one picture nobody should miss.*

—o—

Had a real keen fun evening with Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs at their hilltop house—small group, beautiful dinner, a movie afterward in Ginger's combination playroom-projection room, which includes a wonderful soda fountain. Ginger's Briard (*that's a French sheepdog*) is quite a character whose name is Fudge on account of she's fudge-colored. She picked herself the best seat in the house when the movie came on—sprawled across half of a good-sized couch—and settled down comfortably for the evening, barked at Pluto in the cartoon, then popped off to sleep and snored all through the feature. An awfully nice couple of people, Ginger and Jack.

—o—

Got a good close look at Dotty Lamour's new short haircut at the birthday party Louella Parsons gave for her cuz, Maggie Ettinger. Remember when Dotty's bewtiful tresses were so long she could sit on 'em? Well, she'd have to be a contortionist to do same now. Some others in the gang who loaded Maggie down with birthday loot were Bob and Betty Young, who are all enthusiastic over their new ranch and had some new pictures of their four daughters; Walter and Fieldsie Lang and their pal, Cesar Romero; Gail Patrick and Cornwell Jackson; Mike Curtiz and Bess Meredyth. Mecca Graham, who co-hosted the party with Miss P., had just wound up his chores as technical adviser on the Marilyn Miller pic, "Silver Lining." Mecca was a very close friend of the fabulous Marilyn.

—o—

Gertrude Niesen's cute mom got lonesome for her famous dotter while a bunch of us were at her house for dinner, put in a call to Gertie in New York, and we all talked to her for hours. Gertie had just been robbed of her jools and Mrs. Niesen wrapped all hers up and sent them back on loan-out until the missing ones were recovered. Jay Flippen, radio star turned movie actor, was at the party wearing sideburns down to his knees practically for his part in "Down To The Sea In Ships." Said he spent two-thirds of the day in water up to his—sideburns for this rugged movie. Dick Berger, who's producing Betty Hutton's new picture, "Little Boy Blue," was delighted about having Betty as his star in this one.

—o—

Talked to Betty after she came back from her sensational success in London. Missy H. was mighty enthusiastic about the reception she received over there, says she expects to go back again next Fall. Betty's three-year-old, Lindsay, came down with a strep throat and a temperature so her mom cancelled all engagements until the little one was okay.

—o—

Unfortunate incidents, such as the Walker-Mitchum escapades, upset the movie folks no end. At the risk of sounding monotonous we'll say it again—it's a pity that the actions of a few people in Hollywood reflect on our entire community which, from living here, we know to be just as decent and upright as most any town in the country. So there!

—o—

Ran into one of my favorite actresses and pals, Mildred Natwick, who was out shopping for long woolies. She was about to trek off to frigid, snowy Monument Valley near Flagstaff, Arizona, for the new John Ford picture, "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon." About twelve years ago Millie was in Mr. F.'s picture, "The Long Voyage Home," and "Ribbon" is the first Ford picture she's worked in since.

—o—

Saw another of my favorites, Clifton Webb, at the exciting preview of "The Snake Pit." Clifton still has the crew haircut which he wore in "Sitting Pretty," for the good reason that he's now starring in the sequel, "Belvedere Goes To College." I hear from none other than the distinguished Mr. Webb that he's going in for athletics in this new comedy. This I want to see.

—o—

Eleanor Parker is very unhappy about having to bow out of "The Hasty Heart" with Ronnie Reagan because of illness. Eleanor had to have four impacted teeth yanked and was in such a rundown con-

dition her doctor advised her not to take the trip to England, where the picture is to be made. And Ella Raines was trying to finish "Impact" (*which has nothing to do with infected wisdom teeth*) when she took a spell of sickness. This prevented *her* from going to England to join her hsuband, Major Robin Olds. However, she's well again and now on the high seas bound for Europe.

—o—

Hollywood is mighty sorry to lose two of its favorite people, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, who returned to England after four years in our town. Ben is assistant production head for 20th Century-Fox in England, a very important post because the studio plans to make a great many pictures over there.

—o—

Director Will Price (*he's married to Maureen O'Hara*) was telling us that their four-year-old daughter, Bronwyn, has fallen madly in love with Roz Russell's young son, Lance Brisson. The romance is developing nicely at the nursery school they attend. Bron has established some sort of a record, having made two round trips by plane to Ireland in the last two years.

—o—

Nancy Guild, whose baby is due any day now, has had to spend the last four months in bed by order of her doctor. The picture she made in Italy for Eddie Small, formerly titled "Cagliostro," has been changed to "Black Magic." And there's some special music in this picture for the hypnosis scene, written by Paul Sawtelle, which is a new high in experimenting. Five notes are repeated over and over by a chorus of 28 voices. They're hoping that the audience won't be hypnotized, too!

—o—

Who's Who Dept.: Out at Warners, Virginia Mayo in her Indian makeup and black wig for "Colorado Territory" looks so different that people have been mistaking her for Jennifer Jones' half-breed character of "Duel In The Sun." And Doris Day, on the same lot and also wearing a dark wig for "It's A Great Feeling," is a dead ringer for Eleanor Powell.

—o—

The premiere of "Johnny Belinda" was quite a classy affair, with over two hundred movie personalities attending. Reminds us, ten days before the preem, Jane Wyman was out touring the country and gave out with so many interviews she couldn't talk when she got back to Hollywood. So everybody kidded her about taking her role of the deaf-mute so seriously that it went to her throat.

—o—

There was plenty of excitement at Slapsy Maxie's when Jane and her escort, Manny Sachs, were seated at the table next to Ronnie Reagan and Ann Sothern. But the other ringsiders who were watching to see Ronnie and Jane cold-shoulder each other were disappointed on account of they all chatted very amiably.

—o—

When Audrey Totter's favorite man, Charles Grayson, was away on a trip, Audrey went out with Karl Tunberg, whose wife was touring Europe. But it was with the blessing and permission of all concerned.



Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hale recently celebrated their 34th wedding anniversary. With them at party are daughters Karen and Jeanne and Alan Hale, Jr., and his wife.

—o—

And you should see how Audrey and Bob Ryan look for "The Set Up," the pic they're doing together at RKO. Audrey's wearing a hand-me-down five-year-old suit that Joan Fontaine once wore. Eddie Stevenson, RKO's costume designer, found this little gem and had the hemline lowered, leaving the mark from the old hem still in the material. Bob, who plays the part of a third-rate fighter, has a bowl-type haircut, a cauliflower ear, and looks so gruesome that they won't let him eat in the main room of the studio commissary, on account of he ruins everybody's appetite.

—o—

Most of you guys and gals have heard of the classic silent picture, "The Birth Of A Nation," which was made by the late D. W. Griffith about thirty years ago. Wal, it's ironic, but now that D. W. is dead, the picture is being released in various parts of the country. We saw it several years ago and if it comes to your town, go to see it. In spite of its age, "Birth" is still considered one of the truly great films of all time.

—o—

Since Humphrey Bogart killed the rattlesnake that bit one of his pet Boxers, he has been invited to join the Rattlesnake Club of America, whatever that is. Bogey has one of those small British cars, an M-G Special, and he's having a lot of fun with it, driving up and down the walks around his place and all over the lawn. Mrs. B. says she'll pack her maternity wardrobe away in mothballs when she doesn't need the clothes any longer, until such time as she does need 'em again. She wants a *big* family, dozens of kids.

—o—

Joan Crawford went blonde on us for "Flamingo Road." And, thanks to a cold, she was skinnier during this picture than she's ever been—118 pounds. There are a couple of stars of yesteryear working in this movie, Alice White and Gertrude Michael.

—o—

And leave me tell you about Joan's leading man—he's David Brian, around 35, six feet two, not handsome but with a peachy smile. Although David's acted on the stage for fifteen years he's never been on the screen before. He's quite relaxed about his career in pictures because, you see, he's an expert cabinet maker who can always get a job that pays him twenty-five or thirty bucks a day, which should be enough for groceries even for a big husky guy.

—o—

Before Elizabeth Taylor left for England to make "The Conspirators," with another Taylor named Bob, she sent her boy friend, Lt. Glenn Davis, a birthday present—a gold fountain pen inscribed in her own handwriting and a gold identification bracelet. She was also scurrying around at the last minute because the chain which holds his gold football around her neck broke and Liz wasn't going to leave until it was repaired.

—o—

There was plenty of speculation about the reason why Dan Dailey took a powder out of town without letting anyone, including his wife, Liz, know where he was going. While his studio, 20th Century-Fox, suspended dance rehearsals for "You're My Everything," Dan was touring the highways, finally ending up in Dallas. As soon as he learned about all the uproar he'd caused he came back, claiming he didn't know he was needed. It'll be a dern shame if Dan starts getting temperamental—he's too good an actor and too nice a guy.

—o—

Well, gee whiz, when Van Johnson starts working in "The Good Old Summertime" with Judy Garland, he'll be sporting a handlebar mustache. Judy has to learn to play a harp for this picture. Van's getting to be a right smart painter. One of his canvasses, a painting of an old-fashioned windmill, sold for $250 at a recent New York exhibit.

Before Mark Stevens' wife, Annelle, left on a trip to Dallas to visit her mother, she asked Mark to take their two-year-old, Mark Richard, to the barber's for his first haircut. Mark, being a dutiful husband, did what he was told. But Annelle almost swooned when she returned and saw her son with a very-very butch haircut. After this, she'll supervise Mark Richard's trips to the barber herself.

—o—

When Betty Garrett was in school she was a javelin tossing champ, so it didn't bother her when she had to hoist Frankie Sinatra over her shoulder in a scene for "Take Me Out To The Ball Game." But when Red Skelton got to clowning on the set, Betty got to laughing, threw her head back, gave out with a terrific yock, and wound up with a heck of a stiff neck.

—o—

John Payne has been seen around most every place with Iris Bynum. Several times they've run smack-dab into John's ex, Gloria De Haven, with Petey Lawford. Gloria's request for $1000 per month alimony is a *payne* in the neck to John. Which, for no reason at all, reminds me that Petey suffered an involuntary strip tease on his trip East when an unruly mob of fans snatched his watch, handkerchief and all the buttons off his coat.

—o—

If stuff like that there and the rude heckling Lucille Ball got from a bunch of hoodlums in a Chicago theatre continues, the stars are going to think twice before they go out on any more personal appearances. You'd think some people would learn some manners!

—o—

Scuttlebutt around town is that Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer won't be returning to Hollywood, even after he does that New York play. The Harrisons have sold their home here and 20th Century-Fox didn't pick up his option.

—o—

Marlon Brando, the eccentric young New York stage actor who was such a hit in the Broadway productions, "I Remember Mama" and "A Streetcar Named Desire," may finally accept an offer to come to Hollywood for a picture with the intriguing title, "St. Benny The Dip." Although Brando dresses as though he didn't have two cents to his name, he obviously knows the value of money because he's made a terrific deal for himself on this picture.

—o—

It's gettin' to be just about Academy Award time again, and if "I Remember Mama" doesn't cop most of the Oscars, I'm going to be a real sick character. In all my years of movie going I don't recall ever having seen a better picture.

—o—

At last Patricia Morison has been given the break she deserves. She was handed the lead in the Broadway musical, "Kiss Me Kate," with tunes by Cole Porter. Don't know of anyone who has worked harder at a career than Pat and she will no doubt be re-discovered by Hollywood via the Broadway route.

—o—

Ava Gardner's got some good advice for gals who want to be popular. Ava says, "Go to Ann Arbor." Seems like she received an invitation from a feller there to attend homecoming. The boy said the ratio there is five guys to one gal. Don't crowd, girls.

—o—

Ava saw her ex, Artie Shaw, just once when he was in Hollywood, which started all those rumors that they would reconcile.

—o—

Audie Murphy, the good-looking young war hero, turned decorator temporarily, furnishing the apartment he and Wanda Hendrix are honeymooning in. Wanda was in Italy making "Prince Of Foxes," and obviously couldn't take on the chores herself.

Errol Flynn got a big dose of his own medicine when his pretty wife, Nora Eddington, walked out on him in a snit. Mr. Flynn was really depressed on account of he isn't used to being left with egg on his face. He called Nora plenty of times at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs where she had fled to decide whether to make up with the sometimes irresistible Errol.

—o—

I'll just bet Glenn Ford's fans would like to know the location of his beach hideout where he and his son, Peter, spent their weekends while wifey Eleanor Powell was away on tour. Glenn isn't even telling his pals where the place is. And don't ask me because I don't know either.

Murderers Of Distinction

Continued from page 25

being murdered himself he is spared the humiliating indignity of being forced to sit on an electric throne. He lives and dies a Prince, the personification of sweeping tragedy. Murder in the grand manner.

Not quite so well born, but still on the swanky side, are John Dall and Farley Granger, the mauve-tinted murderers of "Rope;" two roguish young intellectuals who murder a friend just for the heck of it, and then celebrate the boyish prank with a champagne party. The *piece de resistance* of the gay affair is the not-too-cold corpse concealed in a chest on which *hors d'oeuvres* are served to a dirge of brittle chit-chat. This is murder as an antidote for boredom.

In "A Double Life," Ronald Colman was a distinguished actor, idolized by the public and his fellow workers. He had fame, success, and a romantic attachment for his beautiful ex-wife (*their divorce was merely a matter of breaking up the monotony of domestic routine*). One would think he'd have enough to keep him both busy and happy, but he throws himself so whole-heartedly into his work that he can't step out of his stage role after the curtain falls. This is rather unfortunate when he happens to be playing the part of a murderer—especially for the victim.



Barbara Bel Geddes with James Mason, returning to the screen in "Caught."

Sydney Greenstreet was extremely pleasant in "The Woman In White," as nice a murderer as you'd ever hope to meet. He chuckled and chortled, obviously enjoying his work. He was also distinguished, imposing and courtly. Nothing uncouth about the gent ever.

There was nothing uncouth about Richard Widmark either in "The Street With No Name," though he wasn't always the most ingratiating guy around. He was quiet voiced and almost mild in manner until someone crossed him. Then he became a veritable demon, and after the resultant shooting there was seldom anyone left around who might upset his temper.

Charles Laughton, in "The Big Clock," also flew into splendid rages. He was a big shot in the publishing business, both wealthy and powerful. His place of business was impressive enough to compete with the Music Hall, and he had so many people working for him whom he shoved around that you'd think he'd get all the meanness out of his system during office hours. Furthermore, what with meeting deadlines for a string of magazines, it seems remarkable that he had any energy left after five o'clock. Nevertheless, he became a murderer, and he wasn't even satisfied with one victim. Murder is habit forming, apparently.

Dick Powell, in "Pitfall," wasn't a big shot, just a plain, ordinary citizen, with a nice wife, a normal little boy, and a small, neat home. The poor guy was simply going about his business with nothing on his mind but insurance until he met a blonde, who altered the circumstances slightly. The unique quality about this murderer was his very innocence; he was just a nice guy who got caught in extenuating circumstances. He conveyed the uneasy feeling that the very same thing might happen to you in a similar situation.

In "Hollow Triumph," Paul Henreid is a smooth operator, more than slightly dishonest, but sufficiently distinguished to pose as a successful psychiatrist—and get away with it. His performance is so flawless and his wooing of Joan Bennett so skillful, that it seems awfully silly of

him not to realize that Hollywood frequently pays better than crime.

Richard Conte, in "Cry Of The City," isn't the silky type of criminal; he's dashing, though, daring and arrogant. He has That Way with women, too. All he does is give them the eye, flash a smile, and they turn handsprings for him, risking anything. It's his charm which is his downfall, for it works on a girl who doesn't mix well with crime. She wants to go steady with him, but in a straight and narrow sort of way.

Burt Lancaster, in "Sorry, Wrong Number," is another whose devastating charm for the ladies is his downfall. His rugged handsomeness and forceful masculinity are sufficient to get him a beautiful and wealthy young wife plus a lucrative job with her father. The gal is *mad* about the boy, but she's not especially funny that way, so Burt eventually gets pretty mad himself—enough to plot her murder anyway.

The murderers on the distaff side—and there are plenty of them around—are *always* loaded with charm. Apparently, no lady can be a murderess unless she's got sex appeal. Valli, in "The Paradine Case," was such a fascinating creature that even her happily married lawyer became hopelessly enamoured of her. Her glamour and poise reproved anyone crude enough to suspect her of murder. She was such a *lady*.

Jessica Tandy, too, was a very ladylike murderess in "A Woman's Vengeance," charming, gentle, considerate of others. She had the perfect bedside manner, and was devotion itself to a sick friend. She was even more devoted to the sick friend's husband; in fact, she deliberately poisoned her friend so she could give *all* of her devotion to the husband. When she discovered he had other ideas, she thought it only just returns that he should be hanged for the murder she committed.

Loretta Young, in "The Accused," is equally reluctant to confide in the law. She's a professor of psychology whose feminine charm distracts one of her neurotic students to such an extent that she is forced to kill him in self-defense. (*That'll teach you!*) Her charm then casts a spell over the ex-student's lawyer. Lawyers in movies are singularly susceptible. The ones in real life seem to be completely attached to their briefcases.

In "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell was an actress, burning with ambition and bursting with artistic temperament. While indulging in the latter form of poetic license, she upped and murdered a man, then made like she never did it. She was an *actress*, you see, and, like Ronald Colman in "A Double Life," she just couldn't stop acting.

While Rita Hayworth, in "The Loves Of Carmen," didn't exactly kill anybody herself, she certainly turned Glenn Ford, as a handsome, well-born grenadier, into a distinguished murderer. Guided and goaded by her enticing backseat-driving, he murdered not only his colonel, but Rita's raffish husband as well. Then, getting into the swing of things, he murdered her, too, which proves that leading people to murder can become a dangerous pastime.

Come to think of it, murder itself is a risky business. Even when it has distinction, there's a drawback. The trouble is that *somebody* always gets killed.

The 10 Things I Learned From My Daughters

Continued from page 26

derstanding, which I believe comes inevitably to every mother when she sets out to raise a family. She can't avoid it.

I'm in a fortunate situation where I can gain this from three age brackets, and develop a diversified point of view. Diana is a new bride, and has the young matron attitude. Melinda is in the very romantic age, gives me the outlook of a girl who's just entered her teens. Then there's five-year-old Stephanie, and from her and Shelley I get a baby's all-curious point of view.

There's never a dull day when they're around. And to stay with them, I find that I must make an effort to understand the varying attitudes of these three distinct age brackets. They don't think alike, and it keeps me hopping mentally to go along with their various thought processes.

They've developed for me a selflessness without self-sublimation, primarily because I'm so busy with their problems that I don't have time to fret and worry considerably about mine. It's true that no mother should lose her personality in her children, but on the other hand she shouldn't let them try to battle out everything for themselves. That's what mothers are for!

My girls have made me tolerant toward youth's problems, which are vastly important to them although they may seem amusing to their elders. Because they have taken me back to my childhood days when I thought I had mountainous decisions to make, it's easier for me to distinguish between the trivial and serious.

They've helped me relive my youth, and because of this. I've learned much about myself and why I do so many things the way I do. Psychologists tell us that many of our basic habits and patterns are set early in our lives, and when I observe my daughters going through the same dilemmas I once faced, I can explain to myself the reason for my reactions today.

For instance, I've discovered that I possessed an inferiority complex as a young girl, because my reactions were the same as Diana's when she was passing through the awkward age. Every growing girl suffers these growing pains I didn't know it then, and it left an impression on me which lasted for a long time.

Very important to me is what my girls have done for me in the way of religion. When they started to Sunday school, naturally I went with them, and each Sunday I began to look forward more and more to this. Little by little, I found myself enjoying a reawakening in religion.

To me, now, a Sunday when I haven't gone to church seems incomplete. It has given me a philosophy of life which I find very helpful. Parents should require their children to do as they do, rather than as they say, and consequently they find themselves living a very wholesome way of life.

Having a daughter as acutely aware of proper costuming and good grooming as Diana is, I find that I'm very alert to her preferences. When she was graduated from Ethel Walker's School in Simsbury, Connecticut, I attended the ceremonies, and dressed as I thought I should for the occasion. I wore a rather severe costume and tried to look older, but when Diana caught a glimpse of me, she exploded and said, "For heaven's sake, Mother, why don't you be yourself? Those clothes aren't for you at all!"

Now I select my costumes with a double thought in mind—to please Diana, who wants me to look young, and my husband and myself. There's a happy bridge between the two, and it's fun to have a double motive when you're out shopping.

One of the best advantages of having daughters is the fact that they keep you stimulated mentally, and alive to this fast-moving world about us. Diana was very interested in art and intended to make it her career until her marriage, so in order to understand what she was attempting to achieve, I read a considerable number of books on the subject.

Where once upon a time I used to skim through the news and catch only the major items, now I check the papers very carefully, because we have frequent discussions about the important happenings of the day. Melinda likes to get our opinions on this because they are a part of her daily school work, and so I've



Bonita Granville and her husband, Producer Jack Wrather, dining at Ciro's.

learned to absorb the news.

Actually, parents go through a constant refresher course with their children. One day Melinda wanted some assistance with her algebra, and I tried to help After a half-dozen tries, I realized that my mathematical ability had diminished considerably, and finally the cook helped her. Since that time, however, I've gone back to the book and brushed up, and I find that algebra is a lot more fun than I ever remembered its being.

Too, the fact that I couldn't assist Melinda gave me a feeling of helplessness which stimulated me to do something about it. It's the same with sports. I learned to swim because I felt left out of things whenever the girls were having fun around the pool, and very shortly I discovered that as my physical stamina increased, I developed a curiosity about other things in which I hadn't been particularly interested.

Melinda and Diana love to ride, and when they'd come home from the stables with their discussions about gaits, hands, and the various types of saddle horses, once again I was on the outside. It was an easy matter to find a book on this subject, and once I understood the basic fundamentals of good horsemanship, talking about it was a pleasure which I hadn't even suspected existed.

Melinda and Stephanie have given me a deeper appreciation of the various types of music. Once upon a time my preference was strictly for the classical school, but Melinda has taught me that good jazz is a form of music which has its own place in American culture.

She has shown me how to look for the distinguishing traits of good popular musicians and orchestras, and how to evaluate them. Naturally, if it hadn't been for her, I'd never even have bothered, and would have clung to my preferences for Brahms, Beethoven, and Bach.

Stephanie, on the other hand, is in the growing stage as far as music is concerned, and I've been selecting the types for which I feel she should develop an early love. But, in listening to these same selections with her, I find that my own appreciation has increased, because I listen with both her ears and mine.

When she becomes ecstatic over a tune for which I'm not particularly fond, I begin to wonder if I've missed something, and I give it closer attention. And nine times out of ten, when I listen with this attitude, I discover that the selection had a charm which I had completely missed previously.

Not long ago Stephanie taught me how to enjoy a television broadcast. Ordinarily I would cast a half-interested glance on the screen, and concentrate primarily on the listening. I suppose that's a habit which most of us have built from long practice. We're still not accustomed to looking at as well as listening to the radio.

To Stephanie, the image on the screen is the important thing, which she regards as a personal element addressed strictly to her. She chats with the performer, and one evening she even wore a special Chinese costume to show a favorite performer. In other words, she makes the subject so alive that any mystery of mere technical radio is completely erased.

Melinda and Stephanie have taught me a good deal about food, and they've developed an interest in the factors of a good diet for me. Because I wanted to make their meals attractive to them, I began studying recipes and charts, and before I was aware of it, I was collecting cooking hints with considerable enthusiasm.

This, in turn, I incorporated into the menus for my husband and my older daughter, so that in the long run our dinner table sessions took on an importance to which we all looked forward. It's odd how one little item can branch out into something that touches everyone around you.

I've learned from my girls that subtlty and fairness is one of the most effective methods of solving a problem, and in the long run, it's the happiest. When a mother feels that a daughter's current beau isn't up to the standards she'd like him to be, for instance, it's up to her to study him through her daughter's eyes.

Then, if she is still dissatisfied, she should hold a conference with her daughter and balance the arguments which both put forward. In this way, mothers often are shown that times change and that frequently certain modes of etiquette which she once considered important, especially in courtship, are now outmoded.

Mothers can see, through their daughters' outlook, the many little things which they missed in their youth, and there's not a reason in the world why they can't do some reliving of the lost moments. They add zest to each day, and it certainly gives them a toehold on a fresh and youthful attitude.

I'm grateful to my daughters because they have given me so much. I have their love, which I like to think I've earned from measuring up to their standards and not mine, and because of this, they've made a happier home for my husband and me. Within our four walls, we live a full, pleasant life based on a mutual understanding, appreciation, and respect.

In coupling my reactions to daily existence with theirs, my daughters have helped me keep my own character pliable to the times, from which I have gained flexibility which I'm sure I might never have achieved if all my interests were centered on myself alone.

They have given me an emotional stability and a receptivity, and as I've said, I've learned so much more about music, current events, history, religion, and an enjoyment of sports and outdoor life from them. They taught me simply by their good examples.

When you sum it all up, the most precious gift I've received from my girls is the gift of love based on an emotional dependence. In our mutual associations, we've given and taken freely of this, and happily I've long ago discovered that when a mother loves and encourages her family with a sincere devotion, in return she herself gains a stature she would never have won in any other way.

Best of all, as long as she maintains this understanding relationship with her girls, she never stops learning!



Claudette Colbert with Gigi Perreau, new wonder child, on "Family Honeymoon" set.

Newest Bombshell

Continued from page 38

cigarette nonchalantly tucked into the corner of her mouth. She smokes in real life, so she was able to do it all right. But when she first viewed herself in the projection room, dodging clouds of smoke which persisted in getting into her eyes, trying to look as if she invariably did same in her moments of leisure, she howled.

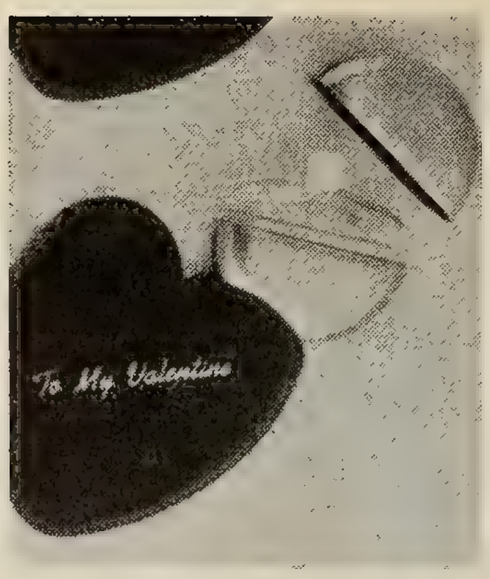
The public didn't howl, we should say here, rapidly. The public thought Barbara did just fine and proved it by writing her letters of congratulation. And the studio also thought she was o.k.—as an actress, that is. Mr. Zanuck and his cohorts decided the girl really had something if she could make that part believable, but at the same time felt that she shouldn't overdo it. Thus, acting on the first premise, they put Barbara into "Unfaithfully Yours," directed by Preston Sturges, into "Letter To Three Wives," and into "Mother Was A Freshman." In the latter film, she went back to normal with a bang: She played the college roommate of Loretta Young's daughter, a kid who had never heard of anything more slinking than a Sloppy Joe.

Barbara herself is a happy medium between these two characters, in fact a combination of the super-suave wench and the college girl. She is eighteen, yes, but in many ways she is older than her actual age, having worked for a living for, lo, these lots 'n' lots of years. And, at the same time, she is also in other ways still the light-hearted, slightly inconsistent, slightly immature girl her birth certificate suggests.

As evidence of the latter fact, we point to Barbara's recent marriage and divorce. The facts were that she and John Fontaine met, had fun, fell in love,

Heart soap and sachet are by Schiaparelli. The Scentinel perfume carrier has its own Valentine case. The new Dew sprays on from a squeezable bottle. Apropos Parfum and Eau de Parfum are new and glamourous. Four Color Keys to Beauty, by Helena Rubinstein, keep your lips in fashion always.









HERE, in this month of romance, are five "invitations" to Cupid.

As a gift, what lovelier than Schiaparelli's Shocking-scented, heart-shaped soap, $2.25, or a lush heart sachet, $6?* For Shocking is a sweet surprise.

Mary Dunhill puts her Scentinel perfume carrier in a special red plush heart, inscribed in gold. In gold-tone, $2.50; sterling silver, $7.50.*

To keep you fresh as a flower, squeeze on the new Dew deodorant and antiperspirant from a bottle! It's plastic, self-spraying, safe for you and your clothes and sprays into place. A year's supply for $.98.*

The House of Anjou introduces a new experience in fragrance, Apropos Parfum and its lighter counterpart, Eau de Parfum, each from $1.75* up. Both fragrance and packaging are divine.

Helena Rubinstein's silver key chain holds four new lipsticks keyed both to your color type and fashion colors, plus a heart-shaped mirror. This gives you four changes for lips coordinated with your costumes, for $1.50.* ***C. M.***

**Plus 20% Federal Tax*

GUIDE TO GLAMOUR



and decided that the only thing possible was marriage. Eighteen months later they decided, just as surely, that the only thing possible was a divorce.

Barbara admits now that both she and John were actually much too young to have wed at all, that neither of them had the remotest idea of the responsibilities of marriage. They were on some sort of a billowing cloud in the beginning, as many people of that age can be, and they didn't know that perhaps, billows or no, what they had found was not more than puppy love, first love, love which is tender, delicate, delirious but not quite grown up.

They know it now, the hard way. And it's too bad they know it and had to learn their lesson in such a spotlight. But that's, as someone has said before us, Hollywood.

There are facts about Barbara's marriage which are not generally known. For instance, the news was given out that she had promised the studio not to marry until she was eighteen. Yet, she and John felt that they could not wait. Thus a month before her seventeenth birthday, they went to Mexico and tied the knot. And it was not for six months that even the studio knew what had happened. Then, there was the business of "granting official permission," and a church wedding in Los Angeles.

Because there was no other place to live, she and John moved in with Barbara's mother, into an apartment which has been Barbara's home almost ever since she came to California. The two kids re-decorated the place themselves the way they wanted it. And, lest you think that the divorce came about because of an interfering mother-in-law, let us tell you quickly that Mrs. Lawrence is much too busy a woman to interfere with anything. As a radio executive, she works night and day. She, therefore, gave the young Fontaines a place to live, but let them gnaw on their problems themselves.

The problems were finally too big, and Barbara and John separated legally. Barbara then took her place in the Hollywood scene for the first time as an adult.

She is an adult in one way, at least: Her unfortunate union with John has not made her bitter against the institution as a whole. She knows now that it was a mistake which could have happened to anyone, and that some day she will find the man with whom she will live for the rest of her life. When that occurs, she declares stoutly, she wants two children and to see her Golden Wedding anniversary.

Meanwhile, she is a happy gal. She works, she dashes about, she has fun. She still lives in that apartment with her mother, she and a running series of cats. Barbara is pretty silly about cats. At present she is giving house room to her sixth, a four-month-old beige-yellow creature named, of all things, "Fletcher."

Fletcher's immediate predecessor, who most remarkable pedigree in all catdom. He is part Burmese, part Siamese, part alley." She doesn't know which alley.

Fletcher's immediate predecessor, who came to an untimely end under a truck, was a black-and-white devil, yclept, "Jack the Ripper." And when she be-

stowed that tag on him Barbara wasn't kidding. The people at the studio used to marvel at her continued adoration of him, for she showed up for work every morning with deep claw marks to her elbows.

She is a little mad about animals of all kinds, and right now she is trying to figure out how she can accept the winnings of a bet she had with Sabu. The bet was on some sort of a mathematical question, which, in case you didn't know, automatically forecast Barbara as the winner. She's the kid, as you may have heard, who chose *geometry* when she went to summer school at UCLA. And she actually *likes* such stuff!

Anyway, she and Sabu got into a discussion one evening along these lines, and she walked off with the prize. Item: One ocelot. And what do you do with an ocelot? Barbara doesn't know, either She's been working on the problem ever since. And, meanwhile, of course, the ocelot—who lives with Sabu—is getting bigger and bigger.

If you have any ideas, let her know.

This business of betting is not a common activity with the gal, we might add. Especially after what happened a few weeks ago.

Barbara taught herself a lesson—and wishes she hadn't. She went up to Reno on location for "Mother Was A Freshman." And, like all visitors, she declared that she simply had to make with the dice and win herself a fortune.

Well, they taught her how to roll 'em, and she started in. And an hour later she started *out*—but broke. She had lost every cent she had.

The next morning, still smarting under the blows of fortune, she got an idea. She went out and walked down Reno's main street, and at every jewelry store she priced bracelets and earrings and necklaces and such. Then she went back to the hotel and thought. It was kinda stupid, she admitted, finally: If she'd taken that money the dice had snatched and gone into a store with it, she would have been decked with all sorts of finery at that point. And it was—well, Barbara ain't doin' it any more.

She loves to spend money, however, on the right things. One of her first acts when she began going places in pictures was to purchase a long, black convertible. And we mean "long." It extends so far, in fact, that Barbara has to keep it out at night, for she can't drive it into the apartment house garage without working herself into a lather.

Another thing she dotes on is shoes. Any kind. Just shoes. She has pair after pair of them, finds ads about them the most fascinating reading in any magazine, cannot force herself past a shop window displaying them. She tries to control this, of course, but every once in a while she goes on a shoe-Lost Weekend. Then her mother shakes her head and the two of them try to figure out where in the world they can stash 'em in the apartment.

There are very few things she dislikes, we might add. One of them, however, is television—working on television, that is.

Barbara would rather forget the first show of this kind she did. It was a half-hour telecast, a sort of a quiz show with

Love-quiz ... For Married Women Only



WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

A. Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.

Q. What is that one fault she is unaware of?

A. Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?

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Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?

A. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone . . . and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

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a group of wounded veterans and her as guests. The boys came in wheelchairs. Some had plaster casts on their arms or legs. And all wore uniforms, heavy winter uniforms.

Barbara still doesn't see how they stood it. For they remained for a full half-hour under a barrage of the hottest, most brilliant lights she had ever run into, lights which turned the place into a steam room. *She* was the star and whipped on and off in five minutes, according to instructions. And that short time left her dripping.

"I was much more concerned about whether or not one of the boys was going to faint than I was with my part in the show," she says now. "None of them did, but it was a near thing. And I made up my mind then and there that I'd skip television for good,—until, at least, they find some way to make it comfortable for the cast!"

It's too bad she feels that way, for she'd be wonderful in video. Her hair and so-pretty face and so-fine figure would be just what the doctor ordered. But we can see her point. It's bad enough performing; you don't have to make like a desert, too.

Like we said in the beginning, Barbara Lawrence is doing all right, though. In the past year or two, she has really found out what she wants out of life and is setting out to get it.

From where we sit, we'd say she probably will!

How Popular Can You Get?

Continued from page 39

spice in it and I'm sure others feel the same way. So when the Autry assignment came up I wasn't any too happy. What kind of a story could you make out of a guy who loves children, animals, and the "great outdoors" and well, a hundred articles had already said just that. I didn't have a new way to say it and I was pretty sure the public had gotten the idea in the first dozen or so stories. My chip had reached gigantic proportions by the time I reached his dressing-room door and I braced myself as I waited for the door to open and a hearty voice to say, "Howdy, pardner." It never came!

Autry had yet to arrive so I was ushered in by the most un-Western looking gent I had ever seen. Attired in a grey flannel suit, black string tie and homburg, Dave Whalen, the Autry public relations dynamo, was the first of many surprises which were to knock all my theories for a loop. Still, Mr. Whalen wasn't supposed to be "King Of The Range," or whatever it is, so if he wanted to look like a Brooks Brothers ad who was I to cramp his style.

Left alone in the dressing-room, my earlier suspicions returned full force. In one corner of the room stood a long rack of the brightest, loudest, maddest-looking garments I've ever seen. Cottons, silks and satins in the most varied colors imaginable. The old standbys, red, green, blue and yellow, had been greatly improved upon and the jackets, shirts and coats ran the gamut of shades. I was reminded of the anecdote I had heard about another particularly sour interviewer, who upon seeing this same rainbow-hued wardrobe remarked:

"I heard you're going to a White House party so I suppose you'll be wearing your *purple* suit to see the President."

Making no sign of appreciation for the sarcasm Autry went on donning his boots and answered quietly:

"Nope! Tonight, in view of the occasion, I think I'll wear my *plain red one!*"

Remembering this I decided it would be best to avoid the subject of clothes altogether. As I was admiring a very handsome-looking white bathrobe which later turned out to be a topcoat, the door opened and in walked Mr. Autry, complete with ten gallon hat and followed by two of the widest-eyed youngsters I had ever seen. No, I'm not going to say that I immediately kicked myself in the shins for having such a wrong impression of this famous star—for after all we still hadn't even said, "How do you do?" But I was certainly surprised when he shook my hand and said, "I hope you don't mind if I take care of these kids first?" and then went over to his desk and started asking questions and signing pictures. You see one of the first "tricks of the trade," as the saying goes, is for the movie star to flatter the press and make the interviewer feel important I've seen many a celebrity brush off fans and autograph seekers only to turn around and tell the press that he "loves his public." Gene Autry was pulling a switcheroo and I couldn't help liking him for it. The two tots standing by his desk were, at the moment, more important and Autry had no intention of letting them down. He could just as well have told them to come back later or wait outside or anyone of a dozen stalls, but in all the time I was with him, in the Garden, on the street, in his hotel lobby—never once did he disappoint the children who seemed to adore him. Most of these kids were from the ages of four to ten and, therefore, not the bobby-soxers, who, it seems to me, have become a menace to mankind. These youngsters didn't tear at Gene's clothes and behave in a manner that would have scared any normal tribe of blood-thirsty Indians that occasionally appear in an Autry production. Instead, most of them would stand back shyly and wait for Gene to speak to them or perhaps even touch them. The first of these worshiping little fans that I saw were the two who came into his office, and the seven or eight-year-old boy was pale and trembling to such an extent that I was sure he was going to faint. When Gene asked the boy's sister what her name was so that he could autograph a picture to her, she opened her mouth to speak but not a sound came out. At last on the third try she mumbled some-

thing and the two departed still staring at the man behind the desk. And right then something occurred to me that I had never thought of before. All those young people seated out in that huge Garden—and the hundreds of thousands who went to the movies, read the comic books, and bought the records and toys that bore the name *Gene Autry,* did so because they believed in Autry as a person. He wasn't just another Hollywood star whose autograph could be traded for a hunk of bubble gum or a couple of marbles. He wasn't someone just to see in person so that it could be said you had seen him. This guy was no Hollywood production to any of his fans. Whatever it was he had, the kids loved it, but I was no kid and I was there to get a story. I had to be shown. Just let him pat ME on the head!

Most of the information needed for a story had been sent to me in the form of the usual press releases which tell you everything on earth about a star, even down to the number of teeth in his head The data on Autry had been mountainous, containing thirty-two pages of facts and figures instead of the usual three or four I had been used to. The reason for the interview was so that I could catch the personality and nature of the man. I hadn't actually prepared any questions. I thought I knew all the answers. It was just as well though, for the first thing I learned about him was that it's almost impossible to get a direct answer out of him. He doesn't like talking about himself and nine times out of ten finds a way of changing the subject. The conversation invariably went something like this.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Hurst, but those youngsters had been standing out front for some time. They were—"

At that moment we were interrupted by a young girl who had come all the way from South Africa, and though I doubt whether she made the trip just to see Gene Autry, she certainly proved that his popularity wasn't confined to Uncle Sam. There was a time in Dublin, Ireland, when a crowd of 750,000 people packed the streets to see him. Fourteen square blocks in the business district were jammed. Busses and streetcars were overturned. The police were helpless and it took twelve hours to get traffic back to normal. Obviously the name Autry was not unknown in other parts of the world.

He signed another autograph and then turned to me and said.

"I'm very sorry. There won't be any more interruptions."

"Oh that's okay, but for heaven's sake, when do you relax? According to all I've heard, you own this rodeo; have interests in Arizona newspapers and radio stations; interests in a flying school and a chain of theatres in Texas: not to mention the pictures you make; records and books that bear your name; and the Gene Autry suits, belts, shirts, guns, ties, and neckerchiefs you endorse. And what about the 45,000 acres of cattle ranches that are operating profitably? Are you *really* interested in all those things or do you just lend your name to them?"

"They're all enterprises I should know something about. All of them are tied up with the movies in some way. All, that is, except the flying school and my ranches. I own and fly my plane and as far as the land I have goes, well, I was born and raised in Texas and Oklahoma where my father was a cattle buyer so it's not the most unnatural thing in the world that I should have gone in for ranching."

"But when do you take a vacation? Don't you ever relax? If I were you I'd go off in a corner somewhere and have a nice quiet nervous breakdown."

"No, a vacation's not for me. I don't work too hard," and he added, as what seemed to be an afterthought, "You see, I really like to do what I'm doing. A good friend of mine, who's a vice-president at Columbia Broadcasting System, had a bad heart attack and his doctors told him he'd have to give up working so hard if he expected to live. As far as I know he's still working—just as hard—and the last time I saw him he looked very much alive and kicking to me. It's the same with work as far as I'm concerned. I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I weren't doing something every minute."

As if on cue, to prove his statement correct, a knock sounded on the door and three usherettes trooped in, all clutching programs to be signed in their hands.

"Look," said Autry with an embarrassed grin, "I'll have to go out in the arena in a minute, but after that I'll be through for a couple of hours. Why don't you catch the rest of the show and then come over to my hotel with me where we can finish this interview with less interruptions?"

Dave Whalen, his press agent who had come along with us, volunteered this tidbit of humor to add to the "a cowboy shouldn't smoke, drink, or kiss women" creed. On his last trip to New York, Gene was asked to be guest of honor at the monthly "Saints And Sinners" luncheon. This group consists of only the top men in the various fields of the theatre.



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politics, and the newspaper world and so on. The show they put on that day was devoted to making fun of horse operas and Gene himself, though it was he who had the biggest laughs. After it was all over they dragged Gene up on the stage and asked him if it were true that kissing women was of no interest to him. Before he could answer, a luscious blonde appeared on the scene, and Gene going along with a gag bent down and gave her a fatherly kiss. The blonde, who obviously hadn't been kissed like that since she left home, started to walk away and then upon second thought reeled around and drawled, "Believe me, his *horse* can have him."

However, in fifteen years of marriage there have been no complaints from Mrs. Autry.

From the biography his studio sent me I learned a great deal about Gene Autry, the movie star. He probably has more "firsts" to his credit than anyone in the entertainment world. He was the first cowboy to make phonograph records, the first singing cowboy on the radio, the first cowboy to make singing Western pictures, the first cowboy from Hollywood to head the Madison Square Garden Rodeo, and the first motion picture star to have a town named after him. The town is Gene Autry, Oklahoma.

That was what I found out from his studio!

And from the two or so hours I spent with him I found out quite a bit about Gene Autry, the man. Despite the gaily colored togs, he's no prima donna. After the afternoon matinee was over he donned a quiet brown suit, still the Western type he always wears, and stuck a hat on his head without so much as a glance in the mirror. If you knew actors as well as I, you'd know this is an almost unheard of gesture. He was neither temperamental nor the slow, drawling, rather phony cowboy I had expected. He is a clever business man who, though rather shy and quiet, is perfectly capable of taking care of the various Autry enterprises all by himself.

"Give the people working for you an interest or share in the business and it'll pay you many times over," he said.

Well, all those people Autry has working for and with him might be doing a lot to swell the bank account, but not one of them is doing the most important thing of all—being Gene Autry himself.

Although I thought I knew a bit about Autry the movie star and Autry the man and Autry the business tycoon, it wasn't until almost a week later that I realized how little I really knew. The subway I was on stopped at 50th St. and 8th Ave. and a mob of kids descended upon the train. They looked just like the ones I had seen the week before in front of the Garden although their programs and whips and toy guns were a week newer. The little boy seated next to me looked as if he'd been dragged through a wringer and was so exhausted his head kept dropping on my shoulder until his mother shook him and made him sit up straight. It had obviously been a big day for the seven-year-old. Hoping to strike up a conversation I asked him,

"Have you been to the Rodeo?"

He looked at me as if the question had been far too stupid to answer.

"They got anything good there this year?" I persisted.

THAT did it. The boy looked as if I'd just said there wasn't any Santa Claus—or that he was going to have to go to school for the rest of his life without the benefit of weekends off, or vacations.

"It's *Gene Autry.* He's at the Rodeo. He's great. Gee there's no one like him."

He noticed my blank face, and had we been stopped at a station I'm sure I would have gotten off. His expression was a mixture of contempt and pity. As he turned away from me he caught his mother smiling at me, then quickly turned back and bellowed so that half the car could hear.

"You grown-ups will never know what he's really like, but *I* know. Why, why there's just no one like Gene Autry."

And that's the Gene Autry I'll never know because I'm no longer a kid!



Ella Raines has an unidentified visitor during location scenes for "Impact."

Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 32

necklace or a colorful pin at the base of your throat.

* * *

Another unique disguise can be acquired by using eyebrow pencil to literally "paint on" your mask—just a small domino mask around the eyes. It can be most provocative. Only be sure that you don't get the kind which smears too easily and use cold cream to take it off.

At a "poverty party" which Beverly Hills jeweler Kenneth Brown invited me to recently, everyone showed up in rags and tatters, wearing everything from beachcomber remnants to old flour sacks. Cesar Romero, however, stole the show by appearing in a charade costume which only had the word "London" printed across the seat of his trousers. It had Diana Lynn, Gail Russell, Guy Madison and John Lindsay all guessing for hours before Hoagy Carmichael sat down at the piano and played Percy Grainger's "Londonderry Air" for the clue.

* * *

FOR correct dress on male stars, I suppose Ronald Colman and Clifton Webb walk off with the top honors, although Clifton is always being kidded about his sartorial perfection. As Ed "Archie" Gardner of "Duffy's Tavern" said to Clifton the other night at a party, "Just look at you—not a thing out of place. Why, Webb, you could drop dead this very minute and they wouldn't have to do a thing to you!"

However, some of our other Hollywood star citizens are not so careful about their dress. We all know about Bing Crosby's penchant for loud shirts and informal wear and we love him for it. But there is one producer who is too sloppily dressed to describe, although I do think that Reggie Gardiner came awfully close to it when he was talking about the man. "Cobina," he said, "he's a regular clothes-horse—if you ever saw a horse wearing clothes!"

* * *

One of the most interesting of cocktail parties was given the other afternoon by 20th Century-Fox studios in honor of a young woman I never expected to ever have cocktails with. When I first met the young lady she was only eight years old. She curtsied, with her golden curls bobbing, and lisped, "Hello," behaving utterly unlike the very famous movie star she was at that time.

This time she didn't curtsey, because she is a wife and a mother, although she still has the golden curls, cut in a short and very becoming bob.

Yes, you've guessed it. The party was for Shirley Temple and you've never seen a bigger turnout of her friends than those who came to welcome Shirley back to the studio where she once reigned as a supreme star.

Today, Shirley is still a big star and now she is appearing with Clifton Webb in "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College." Mr. Belvedere, *you recall, is the role which my friend, Clifton, created as the baby-sitter in "Sitting Pretty," only this time he's going to be a Freshman-sitter and if he's half as funny as he was in the first picture, both he and Shirley will have a hit on their hands.*

* * *

HOWEVER, this is getting a bit away from Shirley's cocktail party, although Clifton was very much there to greet his co-star.

One of the guests, a tall, dark and trim girl, turned out to be Jane Withers, another young matron, who is so attractive that it makes it hard to remember when she and Shirley, as child stars, fought both on—and off—the screen. To-



Producer Bill Keighley with Deborah Kerr at a Radio Theatre rehearsal.

day, the girls—or rather, young mothers—are the greatest of friends and they posed together in delight for all the photographers. For all of them, that is, except one bright young lensman who suggested that Shirley and Jane click cocktail glasses together.

Another tense moment occurred when Cameraman Jack Albin, SCREENLAND'S favorite photographer, asked Shirley if she had ever seen "the negligee picture" he had taken of her in her own boudoir?

Linda Darnell, Anne Baxter, Jean Hersholt and all of Shirley's friends raised their eyebrows and studio publicity people shook in their boots when Jack produced his picture, which revealed satin pajama-clad Shirley—all of seven years old—tossing a teddy bear out of her crib!

* * *

Other stars who gathered to give Shirley a studio "welcome home" were Richard Widmark, Cesar Romero, Sonja Henie and Hattie McDaniel, in a magnificent John-Frederics bonnet of crimson plumes.

Although most of our stars prefer entertaining in their homes and private clubs, avoiding night clubs, many of them broke precedent when Hildegarde opened at the Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove. At various tables I spotted Dick Powell having a delightful supper with June Allyson, the Eddie LeBarons and Dorothy Shay, the "Hillbilly Hildegarde" with, of all people, Ronald Reagan! Both Dorothy and Ronnie, who is still carrying a torch for Jane Wyman—he attended the premiere of "Johnny Belinda" alone—claim that it isn't serious, but they are seen together constantly. This also goes for John Payne and Iris Bynum, although Johnny looks longingly across the room every time Gloria De Haven enters!

* * *

ALL of which goes to prove that Hollywood is no different from any other place when it comes to serious heart action, and that St. Valentine's Day, which occurs this month, can be any day in the year.

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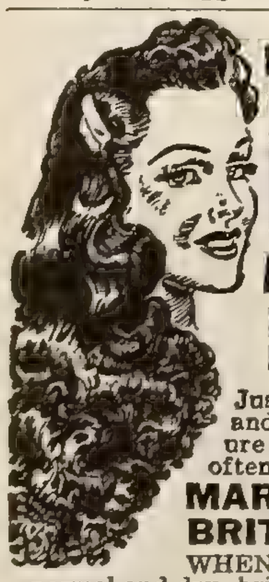
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Meanest Man In Movies

Continued from page 42

his screen personality. He delivers it to the lady who is his wife in the picture, and he utters it urgently, intensely, and sincerely.

It is: "I want my son!"

That is McNally speaking, ladies and gentlemen. For McNally, away from the grimness of his work, is the world's proudest father. He's not only *got* a son but he's got him double, and a brace of daughters as well.

It's difficult to reconcile *Locky* with Stephen McNally-at-home. It's equally difficult to see him, as you will, as Nazi *Martin Bohrmann*, fugitive and hellion, in the forthcoming "Rogues' Regiment." For McNally, in the flesh, is about as far from a villain as you can get.

He's a New Yorker and a pretty unusual one. In the first place, he maintains that in California one can live with much more privacy than in the highly-vaunted impersonality of The Big Town. (*When he delivered himself of this, I should add, both your reporter and a publicity man from Warners fell swooning into our soup. It was practically treason!*)

He is also a lawyer, a graduate of Fordham, who practiced for two years. Unfortunately, he happened to pick the two worst years of the depression when clients were few and far between, so, despite the long scholastic grind which got him his degree, he jumped at the first chance he saw in any other field. This, as you may be gathering, was in the theatre. He played a season of stock, landed in a New York flop, trod a few pavements, went out to Ann Arbor for a festival there, made like a juvenile in seven plays, and eventually was spotted by a big-time Broadway agent.

Silly as it sounds, his first lead in a New York production was in a little thing called "Johnny Belinda." And even sillier was the fact that he was a huge success not as *Locky*, the bum, but as *The Doctor*, the hero played by Lew Ayres in the picture.

When they made the film, this necessitated Mr. McNally's doing a bit of mental gear-shifting, of course. He had to get used to being snarled at by the rest of the cast, instead of being patted on the head like a good boy. But as you will see, he managed the whole affair very nicely, and is being, to his very great glee, hissed from coast to coast.

He was brought to California after his second big stage hit, "The Wooky," and settled down to what he hoped was an active future at MGM. But, as is so often the case, his labor on that lot consisted mainly in being one-of-the-seventeen-guys in "30 Seconds Over Tokyo," one-of-the-ninety-six-guys in "For Me And My Gal," and such like. He did play the lawyer in "Bewitched" and Brian Donlevy's son in "An American Romance," however, and your reporter is proud to say that she noticed and applauded him at that point.

He was struggling under the moniker of "Horace" at the time. His father, a school principal in New York who tended towards the classics, had so dubbed him at birth and no one seemed to be unhappy about the tag until McNally met the brothers Warner. Then it dawned on all concerned that "Horace" was not exactly sexy, that bobby-soxers might be a bit chilly to it on a marquee, and that something ought to be done.

McNally and his wife of eight years had, for some unknown reason, called each other "Steve" for a decade. (*It probably made things so much simpler.*) So, when a new title was in the offing, McNally put his oar in. And such was his hypnotic power that he actually was allowed to assume the name of his choice.

This made the situation a mite difficult at home, however. And thus we come to McNally, The Man.

McNally, The Man, would not feel normal, my friends, were there not at least two kids climbing over him, another yelping from the next room, and still another begging him to put up an electric train. For as we mentioned, he has four of them, all shapes and sizes. And all, you gather from talking to him, are pretty wonderful.

They range from Horace, Jr., aged 7, through Rita, aged 5, and Stephen, aged 2, to Patricia, aged 10 months. The McNallys inhabit a three-bedroom house in Beverly Hills, of which one bedroom is the sole property of whatever maid is in occupancy. This means, of course, that the six McNallys hang themselves from the chandeliers for the most part, and that life is slightly complicated.

It was further complicated when McNally *pere* changed his name. For, you see, he already *had* a "Junior" in the family. And switching from "Horace" to "Stephen" meant that (*see above*) he would cause one son to lose top billing and give it to another. For awhile, therefore, he considered changing the labels of both himself and his eldest off-spring. But that got too involved. "Stephen" became official, and the boy who took the rap is now in a fine bargaining position for anything short of a Duesenberg convertible.

The house in Beverly is too small for all the tribe, as you can doubtless see. It is so tight, in fact, that scenes directly from a Marx Brothers' comedy are constantly taking place.

There was the morning, for instance, when Father McNally awoke to the realization that (*1*) some guys from a department store were about to deliver a new 11-foot refrigerator and a new 8-burner stove; and (*2*) there was no electric outlet behind the old stove to accommodate the new. Thus, he phoned an electrician and begged him to appear post haste. He then assisted his wife in getting the four McNallys up, dressed, and at least started on breakfast.

For simplicity's sake, breakfast was served on the kitchen table. That made six people in a space 10 by 12. In the middle of the orange juice, the doorbell

rang, announcing not *one* electrician but *two*, all set to begin tearing the joint apart. That made eight. And *then*, when the stove had been shoved out from the wall and was threatening to overturn the eggs and bacon, the doorbell rang again. This time it was the guys from the department store—four of 'em, making a total of twelve.

We shall draw a curtain over the ensuing hour. I'm sensitive.

McNally bears up under this sort of thing pretty well, however. He's a good man for toting his elder two to the beach or to a local amusement park or to see the trains go by at Glendale. He's a fine hand at rising at seven, dressing four squirming bodies, and shoving Pablum and pancakes into four open mouths.

But, occasionally, things gang up on him. The day that he and his wife had a birthday party for Horace, Jr. and invited *seventeen* boys—well, he'd rather forget that.

And he'd sorta like to forget his own birthday, too.

His is, you see, the day before Rita's. Usually, it is not so bad: Rita has a few kids in and that's all there is to the festivities. But this year his wife decided that he, too, should have a celebration. So, without telling him, she asked a covey of friends to drop by.

Of course, the current maid had just departed. (*That's always happening, despite the fact that the McNallys are very nice Joes.)* So, Father and Mother were baby-sitting. But, also, Mother happened to look at the walls of the bathrooms.

"They look awful, Steve," she said. "Could you . . .?"

"O. K., Steve," Mr. McNally answered. "I could."

He got a bucket and rags and stuff, and spent the entire day sloshing about. By four o'clock he was finished, but he was suffering from a bad case of Housemaid's Elbow. And it was at that precise moment that his spouse informed him of the frivolity planned for the evening.

"Our guests were there until three in the morning," he recalls, sadly. "I was so tired I was about to drop—and the *next* day was Rita's birthday party!"

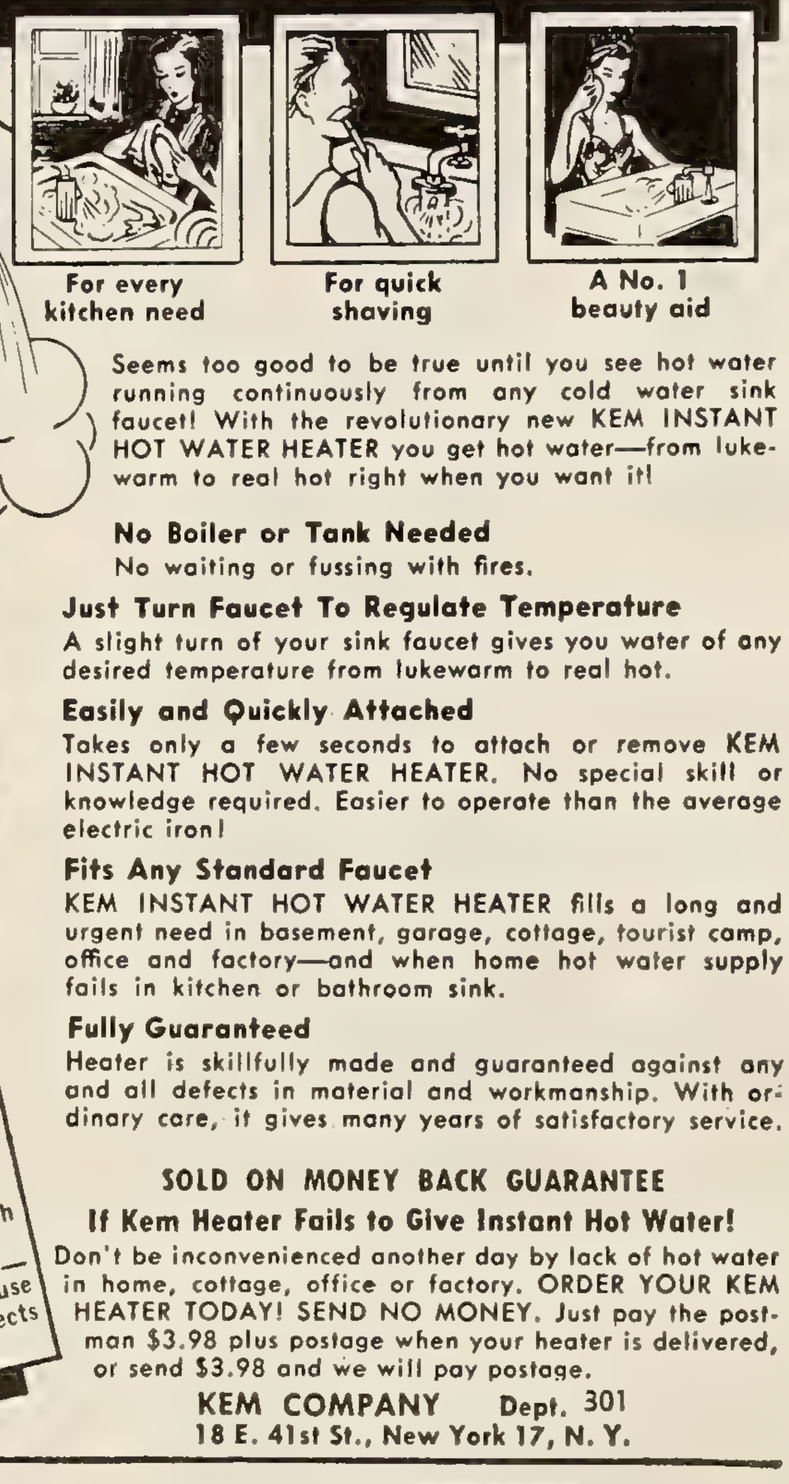
Anybody got another curtain?

Away from this non-union labor, though, Father is doing fine. He's just signed a contract at Universal (*and is probably the only guy in history who knew enough law to understand what the fine print meant!)*, and is being talked about for stardom. It shouldn't take him long. He has what it takes.

As an actor, he's astoundingly good. He's smooth, sensitive, believable. He handles himself well physically, never seems to make a false move. And, from the standpoint of looks, he's in. For he's six-one, weighs 185, and rather resembles a younger Walter Pidgeon—which ain't bad. But the resemblance is funny: You think he looks like "Pidge" and then you think he doesn't. You see his own particular bright smile, his well-cut nose and mouth, his brown eyes and jet hair, and you decide he looks exactly like Stephen McNally.

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Saint Looie Woman!

Continued from page 43

remote, but it *could* happen to Shelley Crazier things have.

There was the time in St. Louis when she crashed a teen-age talent contest on the stage of a local theatre and came off with a size fourteen sweater that hovered around her ankles. It wasn't a prize, either. The m. c. gave it to her as a bribe to get off the stage because she sang too loud, not too good, and wouldn't stop.

After that episode, the non-budding young actress got taught a lot more about singing by her mother, Rose Winters, who sang in the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Her mother also did her best to keep Shelley away from the stage, at least until she showed more talent.

Shelley's first job after the family moved to Brooklyn was modeling in a New York department store. Her debut in this field was no more successful than her stage experience. The first time around the runway, the new model fell flat on her face in front of the customers. In spite of this, Shelley continued to model while she studied in theatrical schools.

She finally did hit it off on the stage as a singer, and did so well in the operetta, "Rosalinda," that in 1942, Columbia signed her to a contract and made short shift of her real name, which is Schrift

This contract touched off a somewhat fabulous chain of experiences during Shelley's early movie career which are only believable because they happened to her. They couldn't possibly have happened to anyone else.

She made her first test for Columbia in their New York studios. Nobody bothered to brief Shelley on the technique of the camera. She was a highly nervous young lady doing a high-powered test—Dorothy Parker's famous satire, "The Waltz." All the time Shelley was emoting she was also dodging a large object which kept following her around, narrowly missing her head at each move. Later Shelley found out it was the microphone boom which had to catch the dialogue. "I didn't know whether I was so bad they were trying to knock me out to get me off, or what. I remembered the time I 'won' the sweater," she said

Before she knew when she was going to Hollywood, she and a young Air Corps man, Mack Mayer, had a whirlwind three-week romance and were married. Full of patriotism and the idea that a girl should stick with her husband, she went with him from camp to camp, disregarding orders to report to Hollywood



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immediately with the airy nonchalance of inexperience and a modest, "Oh, they won't miss little ol' me," which, in the eyes of her studio, was a most unbecoming type of modesty.

Finally, her husband began to worry about her future. He was then stationed at Pierre, South Dakota, and Shelley was sweating out with him his imminent passage overseas. He thought she should go to Hollywood. Shelley didn't.

Little Miss Fixit hit on a solution. "I put in a long distance call, collect, to Mr. Harry Cohn." (*He is only the president and big boss at Columbia*). "I told him who I was and when he finally remembered me, he asked what I wanted. I explained about my husband and asked Mr. Cohn if he wouldn't please call Mack and tell him I could stay until he went overseas. And do you know what? He did!" Shelley still gets a slight nervous tic when she thinks how brash she was.

When her husband (*the marriage was a casualty of the war and they are now divorced*) went overseas, Shelley came to Hollywood via New York. On the same train were Geraldine Brooks and a famous bandleader. As a prank, Shelley and Gerry snatched his toupee one morning, thus confining him to quarters. They had a hard time smuggling it back into his compartment. "We were awfully young then," Shelley alibies.

It wasn't until after she had arrived in Hollywood that she discovered she'd been up for consideration as the lead in "Cover Girl," one of the best parts that would ever come an actress' way. However, Shelley's philosophical about the numerous mistakes she's made. Everybody has to learn.

After some small parts at Columbia she parted company with the studio and went to 20th Century-Fox. She says the former tried to make her look like Rita Hayworth and the latter had ideas about turning her into a Betty Grable. Neither one succeeded, she says. She then started free-lancing, without much success.

The subsequent tests she made didn't advance her career much, but they provided her with some amusing conversation pieces. Up for consideration at Metro, Shelley improvised the dialogue for a test, and in her hurry to think up a comedy routine she decided to give her impression of the way executives handle actors. It was just real funny—she thought. This was an opinion which was not shared by the executives who viewed her test.

The next mishap occurred at Republic, where she was up for the part of a young girl. Shelley got herself gussied up in saddle shoes, sweater and skirt and put her hair in pigtails. She was, oh, so terribly young looking!

She reported to the stage, as directed, and went through her lines. The director looked baffled and asked if she didn't think she was a bit young for the part. It was Shelley's turn to look baffled. After the conversation got around to basic facts they both discovered she'd been sent to the wrong stage and had been reading for the part of a middle-aged woman!

"I just walked off the lot," Shelley laughed. "I know when I'm licked."

But it wasn't so funny to realize that the prospects for a Hollywood career looked very dim indeed. She'd run out of places to make tests, was broke and in debt. Shelley didn't quite know what to do. Then she got an inspiration. Always impulsive, Shelley put in a long distance call to Garson Kanin, author of the play "Born Yesterday," in New York, with the firm intention of selling herself to him as understudy to the star, Judy Holliday. She didn't even stop to think about how she was going to pay for the call.

Mr. Kanin accepted the Hollywood call, Shelley introduced herself to him—and then discovered that she was absolutely tongue-tied. Finally, she asked him how the weather was back there. He said it was fine. She said that was good and the weather here was just peachy, too. In utter confusion she then hung up, completely plotzed.

When Shelley came to her senses she hurriedly wrote Kanin a letter, explaining that she really wasn't an idiot. To prove it she told him why she'd called. Mr. Kanin was amused and sympathetic, and although he had an understudy he took time to suggest that Shelley get in touch with his brother, Michael, who was at that time preparing to make "A Double Life" at Universal-International.

Shelley thought, "Uh-huh, another test." She had three bucks to her name and was utterly discouraged and quite cynical about Hollywood. Then Metro called her for a small part in "Killer McCoy." They offered her a hundred dollars. She grabbed it. That would get her back to New York on the bus and she thought she might talk her way into a Broadway musical, preferably "Oklahoma!"

Out of gratitude to Garson Kanin, however, she called his brother. Nothing would come of it, she told herself, but he'd been polite. . .

On the same day she was to report to Metro for her hundred buck job, Mike Kanin's office called and asked her to come to U-I to make the test.

"I can't," she said, "because I'm working at Metro." That was that. Then she finished early in "Killer" and, for the heck of it, Shelley called U-I and told Mr. Kanin she could come out after all.

"I went through the test so casually," Shelley says, "thinking nothing would come of it. I was so relaxed that apparently I did all right."

Of course she was only sensational in the part of the waitress whom Ronald Colman murdered in "A Double Life." Every studio started clamoring for her. Quick like a flash she went from "The Great Gatsby" at Paramount to "Cry Of The City" at 20th Century-Fox. Then she signed a seven-year deal with Universal-International, "because they offered me the most money." There's another reason for her signing with U-I, too, although Shelley doesn't admit it until backed in a corner. She got her first big break there and is sentimental about it.

Shelley hasn't had any more crazy test experiences. She doesn't have to make them any more, or at least not the kind she did when she was an unknown. But don't think a lot of other screwball things

haven't happened to her.

After she finished "Larceny" at U-I she got restless because nothing was coming up for her. Then someone got a brilliant, if wacky, idea. Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride (*Ma and Pa Kettle in "The Egg And I"*) were going on a personal appearance tour. The studio suggested that Shelley go along and she jumped at the chance.

She was busy trying to think up a routine for herself one evening so turned down a date, with the excuse that she was working. Later, while she was beating her brains out, another beau called. She gave him the same reason for staying home. But he was more resourceful than Beau No. 1. He said he was with Milton Berle and if she would go out with them Berle would help her write the material. They went to Mocambo and to Shelley's embarrassment, who should be sitting at the next table but the guy she'd turned down first. Shelley automatically crossed him off her future date list. "There's no way to explain a situation like that," she says.

Before she left on the tour she ran into Ray McKinley in Schwab's drugstore. He told her he'd written a song about her. She was polite but nonchalant. The song was called "You Came A Long Way From St. Louis," he said. How nice, she said. He'd like her to see it. She'd love to—sometime. It wasn't until after she came back from the tour and heard the hit tune on the juke boxes that it came to her with startling clarity that he wasn't kidding, as she'd thought. She's still trying to figure out a way to explain to Ray that she was not being rude or fluffing him.

After the tour, still restless, Shelley did a part in "The Barker" at the La Jolla Playhouse. She earned the fat salary of fifty bucks for the two weeks.

When she first went down there for rehearsals she and Greta Peck, Greg's wife, had an afternoon off and decided to take a swim in the ocean.

"Let's swim out to the float," Greta said. Shelley peered seaward.

"What float?" she asked. "Where is it?"

"Oh, just out there," Greta answered, gesturing vaguely.

"You know those Nordic people," Shelley said. "Strong, great endurance. . . . Well, we swam—and swam—AND swam. I thought perhaps we'd reach Catalina any moment but I couldn't be sure—it wasn't a clear day."



Linda Darnell records the first "coo" of her adopted daughter, Charlotte Mildred.

Just as Shelley thought she'd go down for the third time the float hove into view. It was two hours and a severe sunburn later before Shelley could get up the strength to swim back. Greta, on the other hand, was in fine shape.

Until recently Shelley lived in a small apartment with her mother and father, an aunt and uncle, and her sister, who is a nurse. She and her sister were finally able to find another apartment which the landlord redecorated according to his idea of what a movie star would like. It is altogether exotic, lush, and elegant. But it isn't like Shelley at all.

Lots of screwy things have happened to her in her twenty-five years but there's another side to her personality which she's inclined to play down because she kinda likes to be known as a character. She's been studying the Shakespearean school of acting under the excellent tutelage of Charles Laughton, who has a small and very serious group of young players in his class. Shelley doesn't talk about it much—probably is waiting to spring it as a big surprise.

A great many of her experiences read like dreamed-up comedy routines, still there's a shrewd, businesslike quality about Shelley that comes through all the light-hearted kidding she does.

The only serious bit of reasoning she's apt to give out with is that she doesn't believe actors have to be typed.

"Here's my platform and I don't know whether I'll be elected on it or not," she says. "I think all people, and especially actors, are different at different times and I don't see why they should be put in one specific groove on the screen or stage. Here I am, supposed to be a singer and a comedienne. But all I've done so far is play bad girls on the screen. Ah, ah, before you say I've been typed, look at the variety of bad girls I've played.

"I hope I'll be able to give a distinct kind of performance in every picture I do."

She will. Maybe nobody else could, but there's nobody like Shelley Winters.



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Continued from page 47

teens and early twenties give enough thought to themselves as individuals . . . to find their own type, or develop good style. The French woman teaches her daughter how to buy good clothes. But here, generally, there's too great a desire for quantity rather than quality. But as the American mother learns to buy better, and, if necessary, fewer things, the younger generation will also learn.

It is surprising that colleges do not lay more stress upon personal evaluation Through proper guidance, the college girl would soon learn to recognize shortcomings in dress, in carriage, in makeup, and in speech. Thus, upon the completion of her formal education, she would be able to follow her chosen career, a well-poised, attractive young woman.

To me, posture is most important Many women with figure faults appear smart in their clothes because of perfect carriage. It also works the other way, for many young girls waste perfectly proportioned figures through poor posture.

Your clothes are right for you if they do not overpower your particular personality—if they make the most of your good points and the least of your bad ones. And, naturally, clothes to be right, must suit your mode of living, as well as the occasions for which they are worn.

It's dangerous for a young girl to insist upon her own ideas in dress until she has devoted some time to the study of good clothes. She can follow the magazines and learn a great deal, if she has the wisdom to take the middle road.

Every girl should learn to sew if she wants to acquire clothes sense that will lead to chic later on. You can safely learn to express your personal taste in clothes by buying a good pattern and a few yards of material, if you know how to sew. And you'll be surprised how it will also stimulate your interest in good clothes.

If a girl wants to become a designer, she should learn everything there is to know about sewing, cutting and draping. You can design without a pencil, but you must be able to draw enough to express your ideas upon paper. Then, if you can, learn languages, history, and art appreciation, for these will stand you in good stead.

I did my first designing when I was eighteen, after coming to the University of California from Montana to study music. Until that time I was determined to become a concert pianist. But designing lured me away from music when I happened to take a night course at a Los Angeles designing school, just to keep my college roommate company.

After I finished the course, I opened a small shop on the campus and moved my piano into it. The girls liked to come to the shop for several reasons; to practice amateur musicals, to smoke, which was forbidden on campus, and occasionally—to buy a dress.

Dolores Del Rio was the first star for whom I designed, others soon followed and I opened a salon in Hollywood. Now my time is divided between Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and my own manufacturing business. Many people ask how it is possible for one person to do both types of designing, but I find that one stimulates the other. Some of the 1860 gowns which Ava Gardner wears in "The Great Sinner" have given me ideas for my next collection.

True, it takes a great deal of time, but I have always awakened early and I often make sketch notations before leaving my apartment. Upon reaching the studio, I draw the dress in pencil over a figure which my sketch artist has ready for me. After I have outlined the color scheme, she paints the sketch.

Designing for pictures is the most difficult type of designing. Regardless of whether the required wardrobe is typical of a working girl, a certain historical period, or designed to portray a definite character which, incidentally, is the most painstaking of all, the completed costume must satisfy more than the designer and the actress. The director, producer, and even the cameraman must be in on the final approval.

Even though screen designing is difficult, I get my greatest satisfaction when I see the result on film, and with it the actual realization of all the thought and effort which could only be expressed by a sketch. When I design my own line of clothes to be sold in stores, I can develop ideas while working with fabric and a model.

Naturally, it is not as easy to have fittings with a star as it is with a model, because during the preparation of a picture her time is limited. But many times a player's interest in her screen wardrobe becomes a real joy to me. At the moment, I'm thinking of Ava Gardner, for whom I'm making that elaborate 1860 wardrobe for "The Great Sinner." Ava, though fastidious in everything, is not particularly interested in clothes. Most of the time she prefers to wear whatever seems most comfortable. But when she saw her costumes for this picture, she caught the feeling of elegance they were meant to reflect, and after standing all day for fittings she said that she wouldn't mind doing it all over again.

Many screen stars have excellent taste in the selection of their own clothes. Claudette Colbert has, also Irene Dunne and Jeanette MacDonald. Katharine Hepburn has exquisite taste, but little interest in clothes. June Allyson has become clothes-conscious in a restrained way. Marlene Dietrich dresses exactly right for herself. She always makes an entrance and she is never interested in a dress that doesn't make an entrance.

Many people ask if Paris is still the style center of the world. Paris still exerts a great influence upon all fashion, but it will never again have complete world control because other fashion centers have also earned recognition. New York, California, as well as South America, are all engaged in the creation of fine clothes.

Paris does determine the length and silhouette of the average manufacturer's line in this country. For once again, they all send buyers to Paris. Then they make copies of the models they have purchased, and soon you see the original adapted ten different ways in the windows on Fifth Avenue. Because of that, a style quickly becomes old and the more discriminating women turn to the leading designers of this country for clothes which are new and have not been inexpensively imitated.

The silhouette in my spring line will have a jutting fullness in the back, on the side, or in the front, or perhaps a cape will do the trick. This represents a change from the pencil slim, and the plain full skirt.

Length will continue about the same as it was last fall. Suits between ten and twelve inches from the floor, the five o'clock dress from four to eight inches from the floor, evening gowns to the floor and sometimes trailing.

The colors of my gowns will be new, and I think, excitingly so. I am using pale pastels combined with white, such as pale coral with white, pale blue taffeta with white lace, but done in a completely sophisticated manner. My suits will also be a bit lighter in tone. I have a definite feeling about feminine colors for spring

With this very feminine coloring there is also a ladylike quality of elegance which depends upon detail and dressmaker touches of fine tucks and hand bindings.

In my opinion, it is in delicate or muted colors, discriminating detail and subtle lines that good taste will be expressed this season.

Always Audrey

Continued from page 45

have a headquarters where you can change your dress or powder your nose or just rest if you want to. This is a big place and there's a lot of walking to be done.

"So the first thing that happened to me in my brand-new, lovely dressing-room was—I got bitten by a spider! On the leg. This is how it happened. When they gave me the key, I opened the door, walked in and flopped down in a big chair. I gazed around, enjoying myself thoroughly. Then, ouch! I felt a little sting. Not much—and I didn't think any more about it. But the next day the sting bothered me and a few hours later that tiny, little pin-prick swelled up into really something. I stayed at home four days with the darn thing!"

Audrey still lives in the apartment she was so proud of years ago when I talked with her for her first interview for SCREENLAND. "Nothing's changed," she smiled. "I live with the same girl I lived with then and we're just as independent of each other as we were then. We each have our own room, with our own closets and bath. We hardly ever see each other from one week to the next. She goes away often on trips that last a month, two months—and, of course, when I'm working in a picture I never see anybody anyway. Except for the few times we entertain, the living-room's almost never used and we manage wonderfully with the cook-housekeeper we've had all along."

No, there's nothing changed about Audrey and whichever of her friends nicknamed her Teeter-Totter was talking through his hat. Though the alliteration may have been too tempting, there's no suggestion of moods, ups-and-downs, or vacillation about this single-minded and determined young person. She just likes to work and she concentrates on her job with her whole mind and all her energy.

Her name is linked romantically with this one or that one by romance-hungry columnists, but the heartthrob always turns out to be only a beautiful friendship. The friendships are so evidently just that that even the most avid gossiper has never ventured to predict even the hint of an engagement.

"As a matter of fact," Audrey laughed, "I'm married to MGM! Don't think I wouldn't *want* to be engaged! It would be beautiful and I sometimes think it's high time I should be. But I'm not. I go out with several men but there's no one, serious friend. And each contributes a different thing to my life."

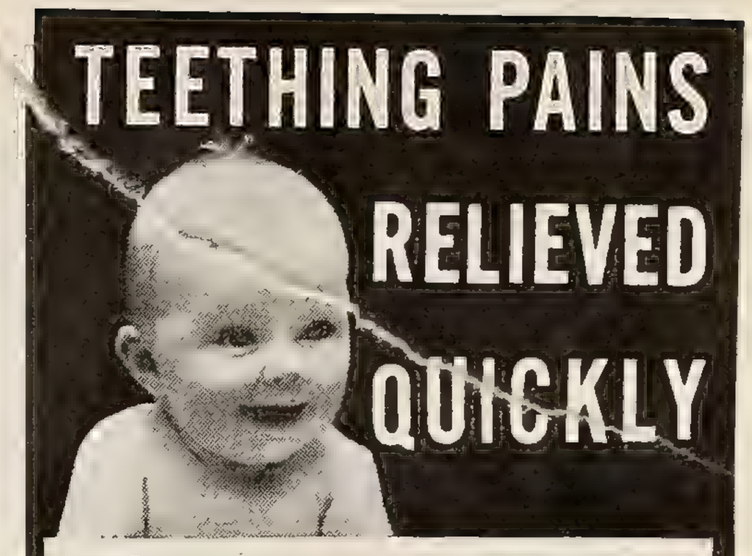
She goes to all the pictures she possibly can fit into a heavy working-schedule as well as to every play, opera, concert and symphony that comes to Los Angeles. Lately she took—or tried to take—her first vacation since she came to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"Of course, I'd been on trips to New York, but the time was filled with interviews and conferences and personal appearances," Audrey continued. "Oh, I *loved* it, but it wasn't really a vacation. I knew there was nothing starting here at Metro, but I went to Bill Grady, the casting director, to make absolutely certain."

The coast was clear, Grady assured her positively. It would be perfectly safe for her to take at least six weeks off. "Now don't send me a wire at Yuma saying, 'Detrain at Phoenix,'" Audrey warned half-jokingly. Oh, no, nothing like that! Grady swore.

"So I piled into my compartment, bound for Texas and New Orleans, simply because they were the two places I'd never been. And sure enough, just as we pulled out of Yuma, a wire came from Bill Grady saying, "Detrain at Phoenix.'"

Audrey was delighted. "What a funny fellow! Such a sense of humor!" she crowed happily, putting her feet up on the seat opposite and settling down for a nice, long trip. However, when the train pulled into Phoenix, it took the conductor's, the porter's and Audrey's combined efforts to get her packed up and off. The wire was no joke and the picture they wanted her for was "Alias



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Nicky Beal" with Ray Milland on loan-out to Paramount. After that she went to RKO for "The Set Up," and now is cast for MGM's "Vespers In Vienna."

Nice work if you can get it. "But this can't go on forever," she pointed out wisely. "I've a business manager now who saves my money for me. He's Bob Montgomery's brother, Don, and I have the most complete faith in his judgment. Oh, I'll go on acting till I'm eighty! It's not that. I'll act whether it's pictures, radio or the stage. But the stage is a luxury. The stage doesn't pay the salaries that pictures do, and I want to have enough to take care of myself always!"

Though Audrey still lives without change as she did when she was first put under contract, there is one innovation.

"I have a car!" she announced triumphantly. "Can't drive it yet, but I have it! A maroon Ford convertible. It's beautiful! I've already engaged a professional instructor who will teach me on one of those dual-controlled cars so I won't get into too many difficulties. I thought it was better to hire a teacher than to ask any of my friends. They'd either be too easy with me and I'd *never* learn. Or they might get impatient and we'd be bound to end bad friends!"

Smart girl. She's studying the traffic-laws and has memorized most of them. "But there's no use getting even a temporary license until I learn to drive."

The Pride of Joliet is safe in California, her mother is sure. "She came out for a visit and decided Hollywood's not a den of sin," Audrey laughed fondly. "She said it was just like a factory. She was so relieved to find out we go to work early in the morning, work all day and then come back and do homework!"

Audrey's always adored Bette Davis. To her Bette was semi-divine, an unapproachable goddess too wonderful to be included in the human race.

"And when at a party she sent word *she* wanted to meet *me*, I nearly collapsed," breathed the awestruck worshipper. "I was weak in the knees when I went over to her and I couldn't say a word! Just gawked and grinned and almost died!"

But Audrey doesn't have to feel that way about anybody. From bit player to featured roles in two years may be a gagline she loves to roll around, but there's more than a kernel of truth in it.

Don't Marry An Actor!

Continued from page 48

quality—I don't mean the kind that has to do with ancestry or background, because I think that stuff is unimportant. She's thoughtful, she's sincere, she's serious. I like the way she sings to me when we dance—she has a beautiful voice. I like the way she enjoys Wil Wright's chocolate-mint sodas, because I do, too. I'd like Ann just as much if she weren't an actress, but I probably wouldn't have been fortunate enough to meet her, because it was one of her movies that 'introduced' us.

"It happened this way: Ray Sperry, my best friend and stand-in, told me about a girl he had seen in a Donald O'Connor movie, so I went to see it. I thought Ann was pretty swell. Then we just happened to run into each other—it 'just happened' because I grabbed the table next to her date's table when I recognized her at a press party at Ciro's. The place I grabbed had a better view of the floor show (*I had looked out for that*) and I asked Ann and her date to join me. I didn't get her phone number that night—after all, I'm not *that* brash—but her studio gave it to me next day. That's one of the nice things about being in pictures, you can meet almost anyone you want to. I phoned Ann that evening and we have been seeing each other, not steadily, but frequently, for more than three years. I still think she's pretty wonderful."

Right here I interrupted. "Haven't you ever been in love?" I asked.

"Certainly," was the unexpected answer. "And I asked the girl to marry me. I was eight years old at the time, and we planned the wedding for a Saturday, because school would be out. My bride were a long white dress, probably her big sister's, and a lace-curtain veil. We pretended my pal's pigeons were doves. How we knew that dove and love belonged together I'll never know, but we did. We had a best man and a preacher, but we had never heard of a maid of honor so we didn't provide one.

"The bride's name? I can't remember. Was she small or tall, ethereal or buxom, was she blonde or brunette? I honestly don't know.

"But, alas, for the fickleness of man, the wedding was never finished. Suddenly in the middle of the ceremony a bird fell out of a nest in the tree right above me. I rushed over, almost knocking my bride off her feet, picked up the bird and ran home to feed it worms and water. I guess the bride didn't mind being jilted, because I don't remember any recriminations or social ostracism next day. Maybe she didn't really love me, after all."

"Let's get back to the present," I prodded him. "Remember, you're an old bachelor of twenty-five now, talking about girls and dates."

"Oh, that reminds me," Lon interrupted. "Maybe you'd like to hear about my first big date, when I was fourteen and Jane Withers was eleven or twelve I think. We had met in Beverly Glen, at a riding academy, so our first date was to go riding in the Glen. When I called for her I brought a box of candy with a gardenia tucked under the ribbon on top—the very first time I had ever made an important investment like that on a mere date. I had no idea what an actress

would expect, but I'd been taught it wasn't polite to offer a girl anything but candy and flowers.

"It was Sunday, and Jane asked me to come back to the house for dinner. On the way, she wanted to know if I liked dolls. I said I hated them. Then I found out she had the biggest collection of dolls in Hollywood and they were her pride and joy. I felt pretty silly.

"It turned out to be a sort of Tom Sawyer-Becky Thatcher day, anyhow We swam in Jane's pool and I brought out my whole bag of tricks to impress a movie star. First I banged my head on a board, and then, trying to do a back flip, I bumped Jane and gave her a beautiful black eye. She was working in a picture and they had their troubles covering it up the next few days. But in spite of my awkwardness, her parents were wonderful to me. They asked me to supper, too, and then we went to a show. When I left, I wasn't sure whether I was more in love with Mrs. Withers or Jane I guess I was in love with them both."

"Come, come, now," I protested. "Jane's married, and it's 1949. What about Colleen Townsend?"

Lon grinned. "Colleen reminds me of my Chapman College days, which were certainly the most carefree I've known. She's exuberant, fun to take anywhere, gets as big a kick out of having a hamburger at a drive-in as a dinner at La Rue, likes to go to shows but demands very little, never gets upset or angry, has a wonderful sense of humor. She can whip up a good meal in a jiffy. She's a devout churchgoer and our Saturday night dates end only too soon, so she can get up early Sunday morning. Being an actress has nothing to do with my liking Colleen—and she certainly doesn't act like one—but it's the same story; I probably wouldn't have met her if we hadn't both worked on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

"I dated Jeanne Crain and June Haver before they were married, and besides being two of the most beautiful girls I've known, they have plenty of common sense. Jeanne had the intelligence to marry when the right man came along and not wait until her career was at its peak, even though it might have hurt her career. It didn't. June had the common sense not to let ill luck in her personal life affect her professional life. I'm sure she must have cried plenty, but not on anyone's shoulder."

"There are probably a lot of other girls you're dating now," I ventured. "Girls I haven't even heard about."

"Not many. Actors don't have any private romantic lives, and you know it darn well. Even if the girls wanted to brag about places they've been with other fellows it would be a waste of time, because all I have to do is read the columns to find out where and with whom they've been seen. And they can do the same about me. We're the original goldfish. That's one of the reasons I'll probably never get engaged—just married, and have it over with."

"Speaking of columnists," I reminded him, "there was some criticism in the press about your dating Peggy Ann Garner, because she's only seventeen."

"Peggy Ann has a mature mind for her age," Lon explained. "Her humor is wonderful. Of course, sometimes she makes me feel like an old man, but I sort of like the feeling when I'm with Peggy. It amazes me how sweet most actresses are. It amazes me how sweet most girls are. Maybe I *would* make a good husband."

"Did you ever doubt you would?" I wondered.

"Sure," he answered quickly. "I'm too selfish."

"Selfish! Look what you've done for your mother and grandparents."

"I mean selfish from a more personal standpoint. My work day sometimes begins at a little past five in the morning and doesn't end until seven at night. When I come home I'd expect certain things."

"Like quiet? Your slippers by the fire?"

"Well, that's the idea. A good dinner, my mail on the table. But it's the after-dinner hours a wife might not like. I study my script for at least an hour, like to have classical records playing while I'm studying, like to muffle the telephone. Then I'm tired and want to go to bed. No movies, no nightclubbing, no bridge—just a hot shower and bed. Sounds dull, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but you're not making a picture every month."

"But I'm just as unlivable-with between pictures. I throw away schedules and clocks, and appointments mean nothing to me. I don't like to stay home then, I don't even like to stay in California. I love to travel, and mostly not by train, and every girl I meet prefers trains to boats or planes. You'll probably think that sounds selfish, and that's what I told you. But to me, an actor's life is one compromise after another, and marriage would mean more of them. Maybe I wouldn't be good at making the compromises."

"Why do you say an actor's life is full of compromises?"

Lon laughed. "This is beginning to sound quite ponderous," he commented. "But I'd better explain, now that I've started. An actor seldom has a free moment on the set. It begins with the early call to makeup and goes right through to the end of the day when he may have as many as ten pages of dialogue to learn for the next day's shooting. There are constant rehearsals, bits of business to memorize, new suggestions to work out, direction to take without losing his own individual way of putting a scene across—and always accompanying this basic work is meeting visitors on the sets, the working press, somebody's uncle, posing for photographs with somebody's children. And even during lunch hour, when you'd like to relax, you have to give interviews."

"There's nothing personal in that last remark, says I, as I gaze about the 20th commissary."

Lon patted my hand apologetically. "Nothing. I'm not complaining. They pay me too well for that, and the day fans don't want to read pieces about me is when I'll start fussing. I'm merely pointing out that an actor's life includes so much more than the stories about him would indicate, and I know it's tough for

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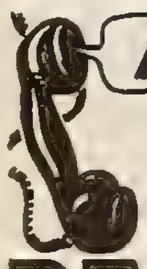
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the girl who marries one, especially when she's the homebody type I'd like to marry."

"I can think of a lot of girls who wouldn't mind a hard life like that."

"You're thinking of the glamour side—the movie star stuff. But this is merely my job, and an actor's job goes home with him at night."

"You mean you live your parts? Because if you do, they've usually been nice ones; no murderers, no gangsters, no wolves."

"That's just it, I don't live a role, once I leave the studio. I just work on it—hard. And I don't like to shave too often, or dress up. I don't like frilly, chintzy rooms. I don't like most period furniture, except Early American. In fact, I love bright strong colors in fabrics and dark walls, and girls don't seem to go for that at all. I'm decorating my apartment right now and you should hear the suggestions of visiting girls—they'd like more light, white walls, knick-knacks and all that stuff I don't go for."

He hesitated. "If I'm beginning to sound a little smug, it's because I'm showing you the worst side. Of course, I make concessions even now. For instance, I like to drive my car with the top down, but some girls complain because their hair blows. So I have been known to put up the top—for a special girl."

"And what about this special girl?" I broke in. "How special can she get?"

"That's one of the things I'm going to find out, soon, I hope," Lon answered seriously. "Maybe I'll find a girl who—"

I finished it for him, "—who will travel only by train, insist on white walls and chintz and bows, won't let you kiss her unless you're shaved—and you'll be so head-over-heels in love you'll forget you ever thought anything else was important!"

Lon laughed. "Could be," he wound up. "The only thing I'd still insist on is that our first boy be named David. For no better reason than that I like the name."

Perfume Story

Continued from page 16

right way is to ask for a dab on the wrist or just inside the bend of the elbow. Stores usually keep a bottle for this purpose. Then, if you are smart, you will give that perfume at least five minutes to mellow on your skin; longer, if possible, I've found the best way is to do whatever other errands you have in the store, then make up your mind. Until you're sure, another good tip is to buy a small bottle or even a dram. This latter thought puts your fine perfume on a budget basis, for you will be happy to know that many department stores sell rare jewels in perfumery in this manner.

Hollywood is a lush source for ideas on how to use perfume. First, perfume definitely belongs on skin, though there are a number with a special affinity for fur. Just after your bath, try your perfume on arms, very low on your neck and on your legs. You can do this with atomizer, by far, to me, the most satisfactory method, bottle applicator, or a tiny square or ball of cotton, which later slips into your bag, hat, or gloves, not forgetting dresser drawers, for its lingering loveliness. After you have done your makeup and hair and slipped into your clothes, do the touch-ups, a touch to ear lobes, to neck and wrists. In this manner, you are perfectly perfumed with a lasting aura, rather than strong spots here and there. If you just can't keep your hands off that pretty atomizer, then a spray or two over clothing is in order. The use of an atomizer prevents spotting, is economical and diffuses the fragrance.

Then, is there truly anything lovelier than spanking clean, shining, fragrant hair? This is a point for perfume that too many of us miss. There are some lovely scents especially created for hair. They come with atomizers, all ready for spraying. In addition, these perfumes lend a lustre, and are a most perfect finishing touch for curls or close, sleek cut.

For the scenting of apparel, nothing quite equals the good, old-fashioned sachets. They last, take no space, and once in a drawer or box begin their sweet business of enfolding lingerie and accessories in a world of flowers, spice, herbs and oils, to mention only a handful of the ingredients that make your perfume. A small, flat sachet pinned inside the separation area of your bra is a most effective way to use a fragrance. There is even one made with a tiny, removable pad for perfume. The same idea might be applied to any low neckline.

So much for the use of perfume on just you. However, so potent a power does fragrance in general wield that it is now invading the fields of art. If the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo visits your city, and it is now on tour, it will provide an inspiring evening. You will enjoy, too, a new ballet, "Quelques Fleurs," inspired by Houbigant's lovely, seductive perfume of that name, now back in stores again after a wartime absence. By the time you read this, there will be a perfume musical event by RCA Victor Records, Revel's "Perfume Set To Music" album. Revel's former work is well known throughout the world, while this new masterpiece was inspired by the Corday perfume creations, Toujours Moi, Possession, Tzigane, Jet, Fame and l'Ardente Nuit. The first thing you know, perfume will be dictating the style of our homes, as it sometimes dictates and influences the trend of our lives.

So take care of that dram, ounce or ounces you buy or come by. Use perfume strategically for the utmost benefit. Stopper your bottle tightly after each application. If you have a large bottle, do not expose it to strong daylight too long. Be careful in transferring it from

bottle to applicator. Use a medicine dropper and a perfume funnel which you can now buy. Use and protect your perfume with loving care, for perfume is truly a lovely thing, an emotion you cannot afford to squander.

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15



Burt Lancaster and Edward G. Robinson do "All My Sons" on Screen Guild show.

freight plane. To make matters worse, and to get a little extra cash, co-pilot Eddie Albert rings in a pair of baby talking newlyweds and a thief on the eventful trip, too. These, plus a corpse and a live chimpanzee are all that's needed to make the flight zanier than all git-out. It isn't until the plane is forced down on a remote Oklahoma farm that Jimmie realizes he's in love with Joan, who has been lying about her identity since she first met Jimmie. Then, he learns Joan has been fibbing like crazy and it looks as though she's going to lose a potential bridegroom, but, oh well, you know the course of true love never, etc. . etc. . . . .

Yellow Sky

20th Century-Fox

A RIP-ROARING Western with Gregory Peck, Anne Baxter and Richard Widmark. Gregory is the leader of a gang of renegades, another of the gun-totin' party being Dan Duryea. After holding up a bank, the sextet escapes the posse and finds refuge in a ghost town called "Yellow Sky." The only inhabitants around are an old prospector, James Barton, and his granddaughter, Anne. Because the pair have a hidden cache of gold, Anne resents the intruders and proceeds to take pot-shots at Gregory and he, in turn, roughs her up a little. Naturally, the smell of filthy lucre causes the gang to split and form a coalition against Gregory. He joins forces with Anne and her grandpappy, thereby absolving his past lawless deeds.

Liberally spiced with raw emotions, unshaven men and unrestrained sex, this is top-drawer Western entertainment.

When My Baby Smiles at Me

20th Century-Fox
(Technicolor)

AN interesting colorful musical about burlesque in the 20's, co-starring Betty Grable and Dan Dailey as the song-and-dance team which gets broken up when Dailey hits the big-time. Dailey goes along being his own sweet irresponsible self until la belle Grable gets fed up and smacks him with a divorce subpoena. Things go from bad to worse until Dailey winds up in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue. When he tries a comeback, it isn't until Betty suddenly appears that Dan becomes his former self and the team of *Bonny and Skid* continue as before. One of the many nice things in this is that it brings Jack Oakie back to the screen after much too long an absence.

The Accused

Paramount

A TENSE, well-acted murder drama with Loretta Young as the psychology teacher and Robert Cummings as the lawyer and guardian of a young, neurotic Casanova who attempts to seduce the teacher. In an effort to fight off her pupil, Loretta kills him then attempts to make the murder appear an accidental death. From then on the fast, high-tensioned pace of how she tries to cover up her crime never slackens. Noteworthy among the performances is the one turned in by Wendell Corey who plays the detective-lieutenant.

Belle Starr's Daughter

20th Century-Fox

WITH George Montgomery as the town marshal and Rod Cameron as the hombre who'd just as soon shoot you as look at you, it doesn't take much imagination to figure out that *Miss Starr*, Ruth Roman, is going to have a devil of a time choosing between the two. It seems bad for George, in the beginning, because Ruth thinks he killed her mother and uncle when all the time it was that rogue, Rod, who done the foul deed.

Family Honeymoon

Universal-International

IT'S just what the title implies because when Fred MacMurray marries widow Claudette Colbert, a series of unforeseen events happen and the happy couple are forced to take Mme. Colbert's three live-wire offspring along on the nuptial jaunt to the Grand Canyon. And if you think that's fun, you've got another think coming—and I don't mean for the newlyweds, either. The situations and resulting comedy are forced and hackneyed. Mr. MacMurray and Miss Colbert do the best they can with weak material, but even they can't pull this chestnut out of the not-so-hot class.

Let's Live A Little

Eagle Lion

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ing executive and a female psychiatrist, Hedy Lamarr. She tries to untangle his nerves, but winds up becoming a neurotic herself. Hedy also finds herself with no mean opposition in the form—and that word is soooo right!—of Anna Sten, who is also vieing for Bob's affections. It's all very wacky—especially Robert who absent-mindedly shaves off half his moustache, puts his shoes on backward, hears telephones ringing, and takes a dozen showers a day, only he never gets wet.

High Fury

United Artists Release

IT'S a shame that an actress like Madeleine Carroll should appear in a picture as weak and disjointed as this, but she is not alone. Suffering along with her are Ian Hunter and Michael Rennie. Briefly, the story is about a war orphan and how he disrupts an unhappy home Married to Rennie, a ne'er-do-good. Madeleine is forced to turn over her hotel to him in order that she may keep the boy. Filmed in Switzerland, the picture has scenic beauty and a pretty exciting moment when disaster strikes as Rennie and the lad are mountain-climbing. Aside from that, though, even beautiful vistas don't help this one.

He Walked By Night

Eagle Lion

BASED on a true murder case which happened in Los Angeles, the story develops into a rather interesting whodunit about an electronics genius, Richard Basehart, who turns his talents to crime. There are times, however, when the pace seems to slow down almost to STOP and the dialogue becomes stilted. But the final chase scene in the underground network of sewers, which Los Angeles has, makes up for the majority of technical faults.

Gossip In The Lobby

Continued from page 10

Tourists searching for movie stars, never would have believed it was Jeanne Crain in that public market at Sunset and Laurel. There the little expectant mother was in the vegetable department. She was wearing one of her husband's shirts hanging out loosely over a pair of dungarees. Jeanne looked about as glamourous as the string beans she was purchasing. But we've never seen a lovelier or more industrious housewife.

* * *

If *wishing* would make it so, we'd be announcing that Mrs. John Lund *(Professionally known as "Bertha The Sewing Machine Girl!")* was working on those tiny garments. Both John and Marie are so stork-minded, that the long-legged bird can't hold out much longer. At least we're the first to tell you that it *may* happen. That's what Mrs. L told us and she's the lovely little woman who should know!

* * *

David Brian's Hollywood baptismal is well on its way. No sooner was he launched as Joan Crawford's leading man in "Flamingo Road," than he read where he was going steady with M'Liss McClure. Next his engagement was announced to Virginia Huston. Neither young lady had even been dated. David has taken out Lucille Safford. And why not? She's the nurse for Joan Crawford's children and it's through her suggesting David that he was tested and signed

* * *

You can't win—it says here! Before Greer Garson made "Julia Misbehaves," she was criticized for playing so many dramatic roles. So she made a hilarious comedy and her accusers couldn't understand how she could be so undignified. Greer has the right attitude in answer to it all. She just ignores it and goes right on making millions for her company. Her next is "The Forsyte Saga," with Errol Flynn, on loanout, playing opposite.

* * *

For the past six months Bob Hutton's been in Paris, acting in "Man On The Eiffel Tower," with Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone. Well, it seems Bob is the type those French femmes really go for. They like clean-cut, unspoiled young Americans and that's our boy! He thought they were pretty, too! But Bob happens to be deeply in love with the beautiful Mrs. Hutton. The female froggies didn't stand a chance.

* * *

You either had to be dead or out of town, not *to be invited to the Arnold Kirkeby* (he's a hotel chain magnate) *party for Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers. Through the sea of faces we saw Anita Colby seeing Clark Gable* (and how!), *who saw Iris Bynum, only. And here's the answer to those June Allyson-Dick Powell separation rumors. We danced right next to them and he was singing love songs in her eager ear. It was a party to remember.*

* * *

A character in a town of characters is Clifton Webb's mother. Everyone calls her Maybelle and she's more fun than a barrel of comedians. Right now Webb *(as she calls him)* is working in "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College." They were at Claudette Colbert's house, when Maybelle suddenly looked at her wristwatch. "Let's go now, Webb," she exclaimed. "You've still got your *homework* to do!"

* * *

Not that it was intentional, but Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston certainly selected a strange time for a family quarrel. Johnnie walked out shortly after their baby was born. And while they were estranged, the script arrived for Katie's next MGM movie. So help us, it was titled—"Love In My Heart!" At this writing *(at least)* and we hope forever, the two sweet singers of songs are happily together again.

* * *

Scandal In Hollywood! *Dane Clark, who's a married man, carried on an outrageous flirtation with a young lady in Chasen's Restaurant. Presumably to use the telephone, she passed his table several times. Each time she smiled and when Dane winked, she'd turn a pretty pink. Finally, back at her own table, Margaret O'Brien turned to her mother and sighed: "Oh dear, I'm all out of nickles. I do hope Mr. Clark won't think I've lost my courage!"*

* * *

Every press agent in Hollywood tried to pin it on his client, but it *was* Bob Hope who sent the one word telegram to President Truman when he won out over Thomas E. Dewey. "Unpack," wired Bob!

* * *

According to Jack Carson, when the nation voted to keep President Harry S. Truman in the White House, it upset all of daughter Margaret's plans. "She was all ready to become the fourth Andrews sister!" cracked the comedian.

* * *

Agnes Moorehead is a great actress—with a great sense of humor. Following her brilliant work in "Johnny Belinda," she played Jimmy Stewart's mother in "The Stratton Story." Aggie (who is a little older than Jimmy) *didn't mind "aging" for the part. But there was a dog in the picture, named Agnes, too. "We both came running when they called our name," she muses. "Finally, I got them to* whistle *when it was* my *turn!"*

* * *

Lizabeth Scott is very cooperative up to a point. The *point* being Hollywood's habit of publicizing romance, just to get space for a star. In despair, a studio publicity man tried to convince her that she should be seen out with others beside her usual nonprofessional escorts. "Okay," acquiesced Lizabeth humorously. "From now on you can say I'm that way over—Butch Jenkins!"

* * *

Every man to his own taste, we always say. Only in this case, it's a lady. Remember that mammoth-sized "gold tooth" hanging outside Dennis Morgan's dental office in "One Sunday Afternoon?" Well, Dorothy Malone, who played opposite Dennis, became attached to the tooth. Or maybe it was just a bit of whimsy. Anyway, the tooth now serves as an end table in delightful Dotty's living room! Interior decorators please note.

* * *

The studio liked Virginia Mayo's dark hair as the Indian girl in "Colorado Territory," so they decided to keep her a brunette. Then they sent her to England, along with Ronnie Reagan and Patricia Neal, to appear at the Royal Command Performance. "Don't you think I should become a blonde again?" queried the beautiful but modest Mayo. "If I don't, maybe they won't recognize me!" With that *pretty puss? Oh, honey!*

* * *

You'll get more Mature for your money, when you see him stripped in C. B. DeMille's "Samson And Delilah." But poor Vic had to toss off 25 pounds before he could undress photogenically. The day we saw him in the Paramount commissary the mighty strong man was lunching on green salad and dry toast. Vic says he pretends it's roast beef and a baked potato—and *that* makes it easier!

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